

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:
A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of the Rev. William Bramwell, with Extracts from his Letters, &c. By Members of his Family. London: Simpkin and Co.

We cannot understand why this memoir was written, and still less why it was published. The subject of it was distinguished for nothing more than a zealous discharge of the duties of his sacred office; but that is a virtue which he shared with hundreds of other preachers of all denominations. For the same reason every clever attorney and successful tradesman might claim the immortality of paper and print to record his sayings and doings.

Nor is there any thing in the style to compensate for the absence of interest in the subject. The biographers are infected with the cant of the conventional to such a degree that they can scarcely frame a sentence that does not savour of it. They have yet to learn the great lesson of Christianity, that true piety does not proclaim itself in the streets—does not blow a trumpet before it—does not affect a peculiar language or dress—but when it prayeth, prayeth in secret; let not its left hand know what its right hand doeth—avoids being seen of men. Such, however, is not the notion of the writers of this memoir. They appear to imagine that they will not be deemed religious unless they employ phrases not commonly used in books or talk; and they have admired their hero for the quality they strive to cultivate in themselves. He, too, writes in this affected fashion, and manifestly under the impression that his way of life was only thus to be proved to the satisfaction of his friends. But what a circle of admirers must they have been whom it was necessary thus to please!

The memoir betrays its origin in the very first line. It is usual to say of a man that he was born in such a year. But that is too direct a term by half for our biographers, and so they tell us that he "commenced his earthly career" in 1759. The place was Elswick, a little village in Lancashire. We are then gravely informed that it "offered no opportunities for the cultivation of the religious sentiment." Why not? Religion is the affair of the individual, and is to be cultivated in solitude as well or better than in crowds. A man may be as pious in a village as in a city. Nevertheless, add our authors, it served "as an humble starting-post for paradise." And, "he found his way to the Everlasting City."

Now, all this nonsense is comprised in the first ten lines, and it is a fair specimen of the volume. Our readers will probably think that it is enough, and so thinking also, we close it.

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Moxon.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In the spring of 1817, KEATS, on leaving London, withdrew to Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight. In this charming spot his *Endymion* was begun. In a letter to his friend, Mr. REYNOLDS, he thus describes his passion for poetry:—

I find I cannot exist without poetry—without eternal poetry; half the day will not do the whole of it. I began with a little, but habit has made me a leviathan. I had become all in a tremble from not having written any thing of late; the sonnet over-leaf (*i. e.* on the preceding page) did me good; I slept the better last night for it; this morning, however, I am nearly as bad again. Just

now I opened Spenser, and the first lines I saw were these—

"The noble heart that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent."

In a letter, written a few months later, KEATS thus refers to his own temperament:—

I think ——— or ——— has a better opinion of me than I deserve; for really and truly I do not think my brother's illness connected with mine. You know more of the real cause than they do; nor have I any chance of being racked as you have been. You perhaps thought, at one time, that there was such a thing as worldly happiness to be arrived at, at certain periods of time marked out. You have of necessity, from your disposition, been thus led away. I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness, if it be not in the present hour. Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights; or if a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel. The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this—"Well, it cannot be helped; he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit;" and I beg now, my dear Bailey, that hereafter, should you observe any thing cold in me, not to put it to the account of heartlessness, but abstraction; for, I assure you, I feel not the influence of a passion or affection during a whole week; and so long this sometimes I begin to suspect myself, and the genuineness of my feelings at other times, thinking them a few barren tragedy-tears.

Most poets have probably felt the doubt of themselves here expressed—a doubt, however, which must have vanished on the first touch of any momentous occasion of joy or grief, intimately affecting their feelings. It was thus with KEATS—his sufferings sufficiently vindicated his humanity—the real was not in him entirely absorbed by the ideal. The faculty of understanding and analysing his own mental operations here displayed by KEATS, appears to us, whenever it is manifested, a strong proof in favour of the existence of genius. It is from this self-consciousness—this intimate knowledge of *one* heart, in which, as it were, they possess the type of all others—that poets can speak *home* to the hearts of mankind. Every genuine sentiment, of whatever description, has, they know, an echo in the heart of humanity. Trusting, then, to their feelings as true types of Nature, they look not to other minds for models; hence their originality.

Not only is the life of KEATS like that of most men whose genius has developed itself, not in action, but in literary production, entirely devoid of external variety, but it is not even a mental *history*. Amongst literary men who have attained a mature age, the changes of their intellectual character, and the modification of their feelings and opinions supply a more ample source of interest to the thoughtful mind than the strongest vicissitudes or most diversified events of merely material existence. But having once traced his course from childhood to adolescence, the life of KEATS is but a *mental picture*—full, it is true, of objects worthy of the deepest attention, and yet affording matter for description, or analysis, rather than subject for narrative. Hence the letters form by far the most interesting portion of the volume. Not only, however, do they interest by stereotyping, as it were, the poet's moods, but by the quality of their own matter, apart from all psychological bearing on the writer.

If suggestiveness be a proof of genius, these letters amply utter that of KEATS, as each and all of them open new glimpses into some track of thought. We have scarcely read one which has not presented truth from some

new point of view, or directed the thought in some hitherto untrodden path. But as our business at present is not with truth absolute, but with truth as it relates to the character of KEATS, we think our object is best attained by selecting a few of the most characteristic passages, and presenting them to the reader without comment.

Having finished *Endymion* at Burford-bridge, in the November of 1817, he went to reside for the winter at Hampstead. The following reflections occur in a letter to Mr. BAILEY:—

Twelve days are passed since your last reached me. What has gone through the myriads of human minds since the twelfth? We talk of the immense number of books, the volumes ranged thousands by thousands; but perhaps more goes through the human intelligence in twelve days than ever was written. *How has that unfortunate family lived through the twelve?*

That this mood of mind was frequent, is evidenced by the following lines from a poetical epistle to his friend Mr. REYNOLDS:—

It is a flaw

In happiness to be beyond one's bourn,—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the nightingale.

Dear Reynolds! I have a mysterious tale,
And cannot speak it; the first page I read
Upon a lampit rock of green sea-weed
Among the breakers; 'twas a quiet eve,
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did wave
An untumultuous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand; I was at home,
And should have been most happy,—but I saw
Too far into the sea, where every man
The greater on the less feeds evermore,—
But I saw too distinct into the core
Of an eternal, fierce, destruction,
And so from happiness I far was gone.
Still am I sick of it, and tho' to-day
I've gathered young spring-leaves, and flowers gay
Of periwinkle and wild strawberry,
Still do I that most fierce destruction see,—
The shark at savage prey,—the hawk at pounce,—
The gentle robin, like a pard or ounce,
Receiving a worm.—

And in thus writing of his sister-in-law, Mrs. GEORGE KEATS, to whom he was ever tenderly attached,—

She is the most disinterested woman I ever knew; that is to say, she goes beyond degrees in it. To see an entirely disinterested girl quite happy is the most pleasant and extraordinary thing in the world. It depends upon a thousand circumstances. On my word, it is extraordinary. Women must want imagination, and they may thank God for it; and so may we, that a delicate being may feel happy without any sense of crime. It puzzles me, and I have no sort of logic to comfort me. I shall think it over.

What a picture does this afford of the operations of

A POET'S MIND.

I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner; let him on a certain day read a certain page of full poetry, or distilled prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale. But will it do so? Never. When man has arrived at a certain ripeness of intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-place towards all "the two-and-thirty palaces." How happy is such a voyage of conception; what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon clover engenders ethereal finger-pointings; the prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle age a strength to beat them; a strain of music conducts to an "odd angle of the isle;" and when the leaves whisper, it puts a girdle round the earth. Nor will this sparing touch of noble books be any irreverence to their writers; for perhaps the honours paid by

man to man are trifles, in comparison to the benefit done by great writers to the "spirit and pulse of good," by their mere passive existence.

Our next extract occurs in a letter to his brothers:—

In a note to Haydon, about a week ago (which I wrote with a full sense of what he had done, and how he had never manifested any little drawback in his value of me), I said if there were three things superior in the modern world, they were "The Excursion," "Haydon's Returns," and Hazlitt's depth of Taste. So I believe—not thus speaking with any poor vanity—that works of genius are the finest things in the world. No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness which such men as Bailey possess does hold and grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honours that can be paid to any thing in this world. And moreover, having this at this present come over me in its full force, I sat down to write to you with a grateful heart in that I had not a brother who did not feel and credit me for a deeper feeling of devotion for his uprightness than for any marks of genius however splendid.

KEATS seems to have mingled much in society at Hampstead, and to have been a great favourite:—

There was no effort about him to say fine things, but he did say them most effectively, and they gained considerably by his happy transition of manner. He joked well or ill as it happened, and with a laugh which still echoes sweetly in many ears; but at the mention of oppression or wrong, or at any calumny against those he loved, he rose into grave manliness at once, and seemed like a tall man. His habitual gentleness made his occasional looks of indignation almost terrible. * * * Display of all kinds was especially disagreeable to him, and he complains, in a note to Haydon, that "conversation is not a search after knowledge, but an endeavour at effect." * * * His health does not seem to have prevented him from indulging somewhat in that dissipation which is the natural outlet for the young energies of ardent temperaments, unconscious how scanty a portion of vital strength had been allotted him; but a strictly regulated and abstinent life would have appeared to him pedantic and sentimental. * * * His bodily vigour, too, must at this time have been considerable, as he signalled himself, at Hampstead, by giving a severe drubbing to a butcher, whom he saw beating a little boy, to the enthusiastic admiration of a crowd of bystanders. Plain, manly, practical life on the one hand, and a free exercise of his rich imagination on the other, were the ideal of his existence; his poetry never weakened his action, and his simple, every-day habits never coarsened the beauty of the world within him.

In the Spring he removed to Teignmouth, in Devonshire. *Endymion* was then in the press. Apropos of a preface, he thus writes to his friend Mr. REYNOLDS:—

I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, or to any thing in existence but the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty, and the memory of great men. When I am writing for myself for the mere sake of the moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me; but a preface is written to the public—a thing I cannot help looking upon as an enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of hostility. If I write a preface in a supple or subdued style, it will not be in character with me as a public speaker. I would be subdued among my friends, and thank them for subduing me; but among multitudes of men I have no feel of stooping: I hate the idea of humility to them. I never wrote one line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought.

In April he thus writes to his friend and publisher, Mr. TAYLOR:—

I was proposing to travel over the north this summer. There is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing—I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, "Get learning

—get understanding." I find earlier days are gone by. I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world. Some do it with their society; some with their wit; some with their benevolence; some with a power of conferring pleasure and good humour on all they meet; and in a thousand ways, all dutiful to the command of great Nature. There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it; and for that end purpose retiring for some years. I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious, and a love for philosophy; were I calculated for the former I should be glad, but as I am not I shall turn all my soul to the latter.

The excursion to the north alluded to above was put into execution in the June following. Accompanied by his friend Mr. BROWN, he set off on a pedestrian tour to the lakes and Scotland, having first parted at Liverpool with his elder brother and his newly married wife, driven by social circumstances to seek the means of existence in the great Western Republic. His younger brother remained at home in a declining state of health. Shortly previous to starting he had thus written to Mr. BAILEY:—

I was in hopes, some little time back, to relieve your dulness by my spirits—to point out things in the world worth your enjoyment; and now I am never alone without rejoicing that there is such a thing as death—without placing my ultimate in the glory of dying for a great human purpose. Perhaps if my affairs were in a different state I should not have written the above; you shall judge:—I have two brothers—one is driven by the "burden of society" to America, and the other, with an exquisite love of life, is in a lingering state. My love for my brothers, from the early loss of our parents, and even from earlier misfortunes, has grown to an affection "passing the love of women." I have been ill-tempered with them—I have vexed them; but the thought of them has always stifled the impression that any woman might otherwise have made upon me. I have a sister too; and may not follow them either to America or to the grave. Life must be undergone; and I certainly derive some consolation from the thought of writing one or two more poems before it ceases.

KEATS, who had proceeded by the west of Scotland as far northwards as Inverness, had proposed returning by Edinburgh, but was deterred from fulfilling his intention by an inflammation of the throat. An invitation had been forwarded to him from the Messrs. BLACKWOOD, accompanied by a hint from the friend by means of whom it was conveyed, of the policy of conciliating his literary adversaries in the northern capital. KEATS, indignant at the proposal, returned an answer in terms which Mr. MONCKTON MILNES thinks may have had some influence upon his share of the philippics vented in *Blackwood* on certain poets, under the title of "The Cockney School."

Endymion was favourably spoken of by the press in general. We have already sufficiently referred to the famous, or infamous critique in the *Quarterly Review*. In addition to the proofs already afforded of the comparative indifference of the poet to the obnoxious article, believed to have been the cause of his death, we subjoin the following letter to one of his publishers. Mr. HESSEY, it seems, had sent him a letter, published in the *Morning Chronicle*, containing an earnest remonstrance against the tyranny of such criticism as that of which his poem had been the object:—

My dear Hessey,—You are very good in sending me the letters from the *Chronicle*, and I am very bad in not acknowledging such a kindness sooner;

pray forgive me. It has so chanced that I have lent the paper every day. I have seen to-day's. I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison, beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could inflict; and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. L. S. is perfectly right in regard to the "slipshod Endymion." That is no fault of mine. No! though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it by myself. Had I been nervous about it being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to tremble. I will write independently. I have written independently without judgment. I may write independently and with judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In *Endymion* I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and taken tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest. But I am nigh getting into a rant; so with remembrances to Taylor and Woodhouse, &c. I am

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN KEATS.

Was this the letter of a man to be killed by an article? KEATS joined his brother at Teignmouth and found him in an alarming condition. He died at Hampstead, "affectionately tended and fraternally mourned." Our next extract is from a letter to his brother and sister in America, and affords eminently characteristic traits of the poet's moral and mental habits, and an interesting picture of the isolation in which as far as the sympathies of others are concerned, he may dwell, whose own sympathies are yet attuned to all the moods of nature. With an intuitive perception of the *spirit* of every thing around him, he is himself uncomprehended:—

Notwithstanding your happiness and your recommendations, I hope I shall never marry; though the most beautiful creature were waiting for me at the end of a journey or a walk; though the carpet were of silk, and the curtains of the morning clouds, the chairs and sofas stuffed with cygnet's down, the food manna, the wine beyond claret, the window opening on Winandermere, I should not feel, or rather my happiness should not be, so fine; my solitude is sublime—for, instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home; the roving of the mind is my wife; and the stars through the window panes are my children; the mighty abstract idea of beauty in all things, I have, stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. An amiable wife and sweet children I contemplate as a part of that beauty; but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone, than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my spirit the office which is equivalent to a king's body guard: "then Tragedy with sceptred pall comes sweeping by;" according to my state of mind, I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily; or throw my whole being into Troilus, and, repeating the lines, "I wander like a lost soul upon the Stygian bank staying for waftage." I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. Those things, combined with the opinion I have formed of the generality of women, who appear to me

as children to whom I would rather give a sugarplum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in. I have written this that you might see that I have my share of the highest pleasures of life, and that, though I may choose to pass my days alone, I shall be no solitary; you see there is nothing splenetic in all this. The only thing that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day, is any doubt about my powers for poetry; I seldom have any; and I look with hope to the sighing time when I shall have none. I am as happy as a man can be—that is, in myself; I should be happier if Tom were well, and you were passing pleasant days. Then I should be most enviable—with the yearning passion I have for the Beautiful, connected and made one with the ambition of my intellect. Think of my pleasure in solitude in comparison with my commerce with the world; there I am a child, there they do not know me, not even my most intimate acquaintance; I give into their feelings as though I were refraining from imitating a little child. Some think me meddling, others silly, others foolish: every one thinks he sees my weak side against my will, when in truth it is with my will. I am content to be thought all this, because I have in my own breast so great a resource. This is one great reason why they like me so, because they can all shew to advantage in a room, and eclipse (from a certain tact) one who is reckoned to be a good poet. I hope I am not here playing tricks “to make the angels weep.” I think not; for I have not the least contempt for my species; and though it may sound paradoxical, my greatest elevations of soul leave me every time more humbled.

But when KEATS said that nothing, save a doubt of his poetical powers, “could ever affect him personally for more than one short passing day,” he had entirely mistaken himself and his human nature. Like Zanoni, in BULWER’S exquisite prose-poem of that name, he was to be taught that men cannot for ever dwell in the sublime region of abstract beauty. At some period, humanity will assert itself, and prove the dominant power of the affections when they are excited; although, in the case of KEATS, it is probable that had he lived the poetic passion would have resumed its sway. Not many weeks after writing the above, he makes this confession in a letter to Mr. KEYNOLDS:—

I never was in love, yet the voice and shape of a woman has haunted me these two days. At such a time, when the relief, the feverish relief of poetry seems a much less crime. This morning poetry has conquered—I have relapsed into those abstractions which are my only life—I feel escaped from a new, strange, and threatening sorrow; and I am thankful for it. There is an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of Immortality.

The lady here alluded to was she who became the object of as passionate an attachment to KEATS as was ever felt perhaps by any man. From motives of delicacy her name is concealed, and she is not oftener alluded to than is necessary for the development of the character of the man over whose latter days she exercised so potent an influence. Except in his last letters, written when dying, he rarely alludes to her in his correspondence, although his time was for the most part spent under the same roof with her at Hampstead. The more we read of the biography of celebrated men, we become the more convinced that we cannot entirely enter into the full spirit and force of their works until we are acquainted with their lives. The one forms, as it were, a key to the inmost meaning of the other.

Hyperion was begun in the close of 1818, when KEATS was left in solitude by the death of his brother, and *The Eve of St. Agnes* in the commencement of the succeeding year. Many other poems, some now published for the first time in *The Literary Remains*, were also written

by him about this time. So careless was he of these compositions, that when his imagination was relieved by writing them, he would leave them lying about any where, or thrust them aside as waste paper. We are indebted to his friend Mr. Brown for their preservation, who, it seems, picked up and arranged these fugitive pieces, some specimens of which we shall have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in our next notice.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

A Cure for the Potato Disease proposed and explained. By a Philanthropist. London: Longman and Co.

THE hypothesis of the author of this pamphlet is certainly ingenious and new. He argues thus:—The disease first appears on the leaf. The leaves of plants are their lungs, by which they inspire oxygen by day and carbonic acid at night.

Hence the potato disease is similar in kind to that which in the human beings is called consumption. It is an affection of the lungs by which they are destroyed, and so the plant perishes for want of oxygen and from excess of carbon in its system.

He does not attempt to trace *how*, or by what agency, the disease is produced. The symptom is an affection of the air cells, preventing the inspiration of oxygen.

For this, the proposed cure is to take five pounds of common salt; dissolve it in ten gallons of water, then add one pound of common potash, by handfuls at a time, and add two gallons more of water after the mixture has been well stirred. Sprinkle it with a watering-pot, having a rose with very fine holes, over the leaves of the plants which shew the first symptoms of the disease. The immediate effect will be to relax the contracted fibres of the air-cells and enable them again to breathe.

The author says that this has proved entirely successful after many experiments. There is certainly good sense in it. It is by far the most probable theory of the disease we have seen, and the most rational, simple, and inexpensive cure. At all events, it is worth the trial, and we recommend our readers to bear it in mind should another season prove as disastrous as this to the potato-plant.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Yacht Voyage to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. C. Ross, Esq. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Colburn.

IT is said that Englishmen are born sailors. Certainly a passion for the sea pervades all classes. The child’s first play is to swim a paper boat in a gutter; the boy’s ambition is to row a real boat; the fat citizen at Margate, careless of sea-sickness, rejoices to find himself “once more upon the ocean, yet once more;” our thorough-bred sailors are world-renowned for their coolness in danger and their skill in difficulty. It is not true, as the song asserts, that the gentlemen of England “live at home at ease,” and “little think upon the dangers of the seas.” They, too, share the national taste, and all who can afford it keep yachts, and play the sailor in person, dressing and working like sailors, hauling in the sails, and presiding at the helm, and not inferior to the bravest or skilfullest of our tars in courage, in seamanship, in endurance, and in good humour.

And such were Mr. Ross and his companions, and in these volumes recording the experience of a yacht voyage, we trace the sources of the pleasure which those who have been luxuriously nurtured experience in the toils and hardships by which they are made to exercise faculties that otherwise would have lain dormant within them, and the excitement of which gives a sense of life and power uncompensated by all that wealth can minister

to sensual enjoyment. It was in May of last year that Mr. Ross and his companions quitted England for the shores of Norway, resolved, with the help of the trim little craft to which they committed themselves, to explore the coast of Norway on sea and shore; rest where they would, and as long as they pleased, and proceed onward when they were wearied of any place. Besides all that could contribute to the creature-comforts and every appliance for sporting, they carried with them a store of animal spirits, and a resolve to enjoy to the utmost whatever might offer. In the same tone of hearty goodhumour is the work composed which preserves in two volumes the reminiscences of this delightful trip.

Their voyage embraced Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The plan of the writer is to sketch persons as well as places, and record dialogues as well as dates. Thus he gives to his readers a direct personal interest in the proceedings of the voyagers, who are not abstractions in his thoughts, but good men and true, whose characters are developed as we make acquaintance with them, and whom we come to feel a great regard for before we bid them adieu, which we do at last with much reluctance and regret.

Our limited space will not permit us to follow the voyagers through their track by sea and their rambles by land. After so long an introduction, which must be excused because it was due to the interest of the volumes under review, we cannot venture more than a few selections from lively or remarkable scenes sketched by Mr. Ross. Such, for instance, as this remarkable story of

THE TWO BLACK MEN OF COPENHAGEN.

Within these ramparts, on a wooden bench, from which the Sound, spotted with the white sails of many ships,—and, faintly, the distant mountains of Sweden,—might be seen, two black men sat. Removed at a distance of twenty yards from them, four sentinels stood, resting carelessly, with folded arms, on the muzzles of their firelocks; but, even in this negligence, paying much attention to the movements of these black men. We stopped and observed the strange group; and our sympathy was moved by the dress and melancholy demeanour of the two men. The one nearest to us, who appeared the eldest, rested his chin upon the back of his hands, which were clasped round the top of a large walking-stick; and in that attitude kept his eyes fixed on the blue waters of the Sound; his thoughts, no doubt, wandering to his home, some pleasant spot, far away. His hat was brown by long use, and rent at the rims, beneath which his white hair, here and there, straggled forth. His coat, once black, was now threadbare and worn at the elbows; while his shoes, almost without soles, kept sad unison with the other parts of his dress. The other old man, whose clothes were equally squalid, sat more upright, and seemed livelier, and of a lighter heart,—misfortune not having yet touched so blighting the natural volatility of his disposition; for, now and then, he spoke in low tones to his companion, who sometimes smiled, but rarely made answer. “You are observing those black men?” said the Spanish Minister. “They are the most interesting objects in Copenhagen.” “Who are they?” we asked. “Those two men,” continued the Spaniard, “were once men of note in their own country; and their misfortune resolves itself into this simple tale. The man with grey hair, nearest to us, seemingly bent with excess of sorrow, was the king of some Danish colony in the East Indies, and the other, his favourite minister. After having reigned for many years with equity and wisdom, and having seen his little island, cradled in the lap of peace, put forth the strength of prosperity, the old monarch’s bright day of happiness and glory was suddenly overshadowed by a cloud, which, though, by its insignificance, at first unob-

served, gradually gained bulk and darkness, and replete, at last, with all the elements of storm and destruction, burst upon his head. A man murdered a woman, his wife; and, according to the criminal code of his country, was arrested, tried, and convicted; and this king, by the advice of his minister, ordered the assassin to be executed. The intelligence reach the ears of the Court of Denmark, and by command of Christian, the black monarch and his adviser were arrested, on the plea that the one being, though a monarch, a subject of Denmark, had no power to carry the statutes of his own realm summarily into effect, without the previous assent of the Danish Government; and that the other, being the principal minister, was as culpable as his master in permitting such an infringement of the law. They were both subsequently tried for the offence, and being found guilty, were placed on board a Danish ship of war, and brought to Copenhagen, where, within this fortress, they are doomed to pass, in solitary confinement, the small portion of life which may yet remain to them. They are allowed, as you see, occasionally to leave their prisons, and walk here for exercise; but even that indulgence must enhance the misery of their condition; for who could feel the delightful warmth of to-day, breathe its mild, soft air, and look on such a landscape as this, and not sigh to revisit a dungeon?"

Here is

A SCENE IN NORWAY.

"R—— and P—— were still slumbering, and I was lying under the tent, on the ground, reading the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*. The sailors who had formed the boat's crew were sauntering about along the banks of the river; and the coxswain, who generally on such excursions as the present, performed the part of cook, was seated on a piece of rock which projected into the bubbling stream, busily occupied in the preparation of dinner. Whistling and humming by fits, one of the sea-songs of his country, he wore the time away while peeling some potatoes, which, one by one, as his large knife, slung from his belt by a piece of yarn, deprived of their jackets, he threw into an iron pot, having rinsed them previously in the flowing river. Within his sight lay, on a white towel, a leg of lamb, bewitchingly sprinkled with salt, all prepared to be cooked, but only waiting for the potatoes to bear it company to the fire. Absorbed in my book, I paid little attention to what was passing around me, except by an occasional glance, until I heard a loud shrill scream, and then a louder rustling of feathers, as if this was the noon of the last day, and Gabriel, having blown his trumpet without my hearing it, had actually reached the earth. I jumped up, and, running out of the tent, saw the coxswain standing, like a nautical statue, motionless, gazing upwards, and with a stick grasped firmly in his hand. Following his example, I turned my eyes reverentially to the skies, and distinguished, from the blaze of day, a most lusty eagle making the best of his way towards the residence of Jove with the leg of lamb in his beak; and, as if conscious of the superiority his position had given over us, waving the white towel, grasped with his talons, hither and thither in the air, like a flag moved exultingly by conquerors after victory. "It's gone, sir," said the sailor, lowering the uplifted club, "and, blow me, if I ever heard him coming."

I shall not forget the utter disgust of R—— and P——, when, like a couple of Samsons, they awoke and found that their hair was certainly untouched, but that the most positive support of their strength had been cut off irretrievably, and their dinner of lamb gone where all innocence should go. Some bread and cheese, together with a few eggs which the boatmen purchased for us at a neighbouring cottage, supplied the loss of our lamb. The coolness of the afternoon gave R—— and P—— an opportunity to renew their ardour, and at six o'clock they both might have been found encouraging the habit of patience in the art of angling. The rattling of their reels gave at almost every half-hour the announcement of a bite, and hurrying in their prams to the shore, my friends,

after the torture of another half-hour, would, with the assistance of a gaff, place the unhappy salmon among the long grass growing on the river's brink. The Norwegians, and I believe all persons who have the sense of taste developed to a most extraordinary nicety, say that the fish which are caught with the hook are not to be compared in flavour to those taken in the net. Though I cannot account for the exquisiteness of taste that can distinguish between one and the other plan of catching the salmon, I can very easily suppose that the pain, more or less, given in the destruction of an animal, may increase or decrease the flavour of the flesh when used as food. A fish drawn backwards and forwards through the water with a hook piercing its gills or the more tender fibres of the stomach, till it is almost jaded to death, and then lacerated with such an instrument as the gaff, must endure such an accumulation of the most intense pain, that the sweeter juices of the flesh escape during the throes of a protracted death, and render its taste more stale and flat. But the fish taken in the net suffers no injury, and, free from pain, is instantaneously deprived of life, while the muscular parts retain all the vigour and nutriment requisite for human food.

A night picture presented to their gaze as they sailed through the sound recalled a sad history:—

THE CASTLE OF CRONENBORG.

The night was most beautiful, and the sea calm as death. The fine old castle of Cronenberg, casting a dark shadow over the water even to the vessel's side, made me dream of days and legends gone by as I remained silently gazing on its elegant tower. My mind, filled with melancholy fancies, flew to centuries long past, when the philosophic Hamlet mused, perhaps, on calm evenings like this, pacing to and fro the very ramparts I was looking on, or sought, on that night of "a nipping and an eager air," the coming of him whose

Form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.

Those old walls, too, are full of poor Struensee's fate,—he, whose great soul, sundering aristocratic power, first gave liberty to Denmark, and added to her natural blessings the moral beauty of our own dear England. And how does history speak? On the 16th of June, 1772, a masked ball was given at the Court of Denmark, surpassing the imaginary brilliancy of an Oriental tale. A thousand tapers threw their splendour over a scene already glittering with the beauty, youth, and power of Copenhagen. The mean and daily feelings which give impulse to the actions of political men, seemed absorbed in the joyousness of the moment; and the gravest senators might have been seen on this night, unravelling the mazes of the dance with the speed and light-heartedness of the youngest girl. The king himself, throwing aside the apathetic reserve of his state, danced a country-dance with the queen; and, at its conclusion, he having retired to play at quadrille with General Gahler and Counsellor Struensee, the youthful queen gave her hand to Count Struensee during the remainder of the evening. At one end of the room, apart from all, and apparently lost in their own thoughts, stood the dowager-queen, and her son, Prince Frederick. While his royal mother shone with the dazzling brightness of numberless precious stones, attired in all the outward pomp of her high position, the prince was habited in the splendid uniform of a Danish regiment of horse; and the most honourable Order of the Elephant, surmounted with a castle, set in diamonds, and suspended to a sky-blue watered ribbon, passed over his right shoulder; a white ribbon from which depended a small cross of diamonds, and an embroidered star on the breast of his coat denoted him to be also a Knight of the most ancient order of Daneburg. Keeping their eyes intently fixed on the beautiful Caroline-Matilda, as she moved through the dance with Count Struensee, they would occasionally, in whispers, make an observation to each other, but in tones so low, that their nearest attendants could not catch its purport. The young Queen, fatigued at last, retired at two

o'clock from the ball-room, followed by Struensee and Count Brandt. About four the same morning, Prince Frederick got up and dressed himself, and went with his mother to the King's bedchamber, accompanied by General Eichstedt and Count Rantzan. As soon as they had reached the lobby of the royal chamber, the page was roused, and ordered to awake the King; and, in the midst of the surprise and alarm that this unexpected intrusion excited, they informed him that his Queen and the two Struensees were at that instant busy in drawing up an act of renunciation of the crown, which they would immediately afterwards compel him to sign; and, that the only means he could use to prevent so imminent a danger, was to validate by his signature, those orders, without loss of time, which they had brought with them, for arresting the queen and her accomplices. The King hesitated for some time, and, it is said, was not easily prevailed upon to sign these orders; but at length complied, though with reluctance and expressions of great grief. Count Rantzan and three officers were despatched, at that untimely hour, to the Queen's apartment, and immediately arrested her. She was hurried into one of the King's carriages, and conveyed at once to the Castle of Cronenberg, where she remained until May, when the King of England sent a small squadron of ships to carry her to Germany. The city of Zell was appointed her place of residence, where she died of a malignant fever on the 10th of May, 1775, at the early age of twenty-three. Some most unjust charges, in connection with the Queen, Caroline-Matilda, were brought against Struensee, and on the 28th April, 1772, he was, together with his old friend, Count Brandt, beheaded, his right hand being previously cut off.

They afterwards paid a visit to the castle, which is thus described:—

We walked through the town to the Castle of Cronenberg. After wandering over drawbridges, through archways and dark tunnels, we found ourselves in the middle of a court-yard, surrounded on all sides by the solitary walls of the seemingly deserted castle. We rang a bell several times, and could just hear its noisy clatter, stealing through narrow, longitudinal slits of windows at the top of an old tower; and, after repeating the summons several times, without waiting, we walked away as we had entered this famous citadel. From the ramparts we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Sound, and the coast of Sweden. In Hamlet's garden, about a mile from the castle, across a dreary common, the willow-sheltered tomb is still to be seen where, it is said, sleeps that Spirit "the potent poison quite" o'ercrew. A house stands, tenantless, in the centre of this garden, protected at the back from the north wind by a bank, on which spring here and there flowers and weeds entwined; while its front, turned to the south's warm breath, is enlivened by a few statues, round the pedestals of which creep the vine and honeysuckle. Though the footfall of time is scarcely heard on the soft moss, which oozes in patches from the broad terrace where princes trod, the hand of desolation seemed to be busy here; and as I looked around me, and observed how each relic of antiquity was crumbling into dust, the oblivion of every thing connected with man, except the monuments of his intellect, crawled coldly, like a slug, over my senses; and apart from all visible objects, I felt, and saw with the mind's eye, the immortality of poetry only in the air which I breathed.

Here is a glimpse of

NORWEGIAN CUSTOMS.

A Norwegian gentleman had asked me to dine with him, and as R—— and P—— would not return much before midnight, I did not decline an invitation that was not only hospitable, but would give me an opportunity of seeing more of the habits and character of his countrymen. The dinner was prepared at an early hour,—one or two o'clock. The style of cookery was the same as in England, except the manner in which the salmon is dressed, for it is cut up into small junks and fried; but the most ordinary and esteemed way of eating the

salmon is to smoke it, which is nothing more or less than an excuse for swallowing the fish raw. After dinner the host filled two glasses of wine, one for himself and one for me; and sidling close up to my chair, placed himself arm and arm with me. I could not understand his meaning, and watched with no little anxiety the next act of familiarity he would commit. My eyes glanced round the table, but the gravity of every man's face was ecclesiastical in the extreme. Without unlocking his arm from mine, the Norwegian raised his glass in the air, and motioned with his hand to me to do the same. I did so. He then drank off the wine, and bade me drink in like manner. I did that likewise. I had thus followed my friend's injunctions, and had scarcely, with a smile, replaced on the table the glass I had drained, when I received a box on the ear. Starting from my chair at the unprovoked assault, I was about to break the decanter over the Norwegian's head, when a gentleman seized hold of my right hand, and begged me to be pacified, for that it was merely the usage of the country in pledging to the health of a friend. He said my host would be highly gratified by my retaliation. "We have simply then been drinking each other's health?" I asked. "No more, sir," my mediator replied. Ashamed of my hasty and most unmannerly conduct, I gave the amiable cuff, and all was merriment again.

We conclude with

A TRADITION OF CRONENBORG.

The Danish traditions say that for many ages the clang of arms, and groans of human beings, as if in torture, were occasionally heard in the dismal vaults beneath the Castle of Cronenberg. No human creature knew the cause of these strange noises, and desirous, as all people were, to learn the mystery, there was not in all the land of Denmark a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. The sentinels, as they kept watch by night, would be driven by superstitious terror from their posts, nor could they be induced to resume their duty. On stormy nights, when the rain descended, and thunder and lightning disturbed the face of nature, these unearthly sounds would begin, at first by low moans, to join the universal din; then, increasing loud and more loud, add horror to the raging elements. At last, a poor serf, who had forfeited his life, was told that all the errors of his youth should be regarded no more, and his crimes be forgiven, if he would descend and bring intelligence to his countrymen of what he saw and found in these vaults. Oppressed by the ignominy of his fate, he went down, and following, carefully, to an immense depth, the winding of a stone staircase, came to an iron door, which opened, as if by a spring, when he knocked. He entered, and found himself on the brink of a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp, which was nearly burnt out, and, by its flickering light, he saw below a huge stone table, round which many warriors clad in armour sat, resting, as if in slumber, their heads on their arms, which they laid crossways. He who reclined at the farthest end of the table—a man of great stature—then rose up. It was Holger, the Dane. When he raised his head from his arms, the foundations of the vault shook, and the stone table burst instantly in twain, for his beard had grown through it. He beckoned the slave to approach; and when he had come near said—"Give me thy hand!" The slave, alarmed, durst not give him the hand he had required, but, taking up an iron bar from the ground, put it forth; and Holger, grasping it, indented it with his fingers. This friendly response (for Holger perceived not the difference between flesh and iron) to the feelings of Holger made a deep impression on his heart, unaccustomed though it had been for centuries to the sympathy of his kind, and smiling, he muttered to the trembling slave,—"It is well! I am glad that there are yet men in Denmark." The serf returned to earth as soon as permission was obtained, and, relating the story exactly as I have repeated it, received his freedom and a pension from the king.

Early Travels in Palestine. Edited, with Notes, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.A.S. &c. London, 1848. Bohn.

THIS is one of the most acceptable additions yet made to Mr. BOHN's *Antiquarian Library*. Mr. WRIGHT has collected the earliest narratives that have been preserved to us of travels in the Holy Land, commencing with those of Bishop ARNULF, about the year 700, and extending down to the journey of HENRY MAUNDRELL, in the year 1697, and comprising in the whole the reports of no less than nine travellers. We are thus enabled to trace accurately the condition of Palestine from a very early period through its gradual decline almost to that in which it now appears.

The narrative of Bishop ARNULF is brief, opening at Jerusalem; and that of WILLIBALD, in 722, is almost equally curt. LEWULF, in 1103, is more readable; but BENJAMIN of Tudela is the first from whom we receive any thing like a personal record, and he extended the range of his travel, or at least of his note-book, to the surrounding countries. Sir JOHN MAUNDRELL is the most amusing in the group, for a certain simplicity of style which belongs to him, and the evident air of entire belief with which he relates such marvellous stories as he was told by persons who probably loved to sport with his confiding and credulous nature. It is but fair, however, to add, that although loudly accused of lying by his contemporaries, many of the things adduced by his enemies in proof of their charges have since been found to be substantially true.

HENRY MAUNDRELL, who visited Palestine in 1697, kept a diary of his observations, which he published on his return in its diary form, and it has been reprinted in this collection. He is especially curious in the observation of monuments of ancient art, and he has preserved reminiscences of much which time and the spoilers have since destroyed.

This volume is within the reach of the poorest, and it ought to be added to every library.

FICTION.

The Two Baronesses: a Romance, in Three Parts. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THIS work has much disappointed us. It is inferior to either of the previous productions of the author; as a story it is ill constructed, wanting in interest and probability. Skillful as ANDERSEN is in the composition of short tales, he is not competent to the formal novel, in which he is required, not only to sketch characters, but to group them. Nor is his dreamy imaginative style adapted for the narrative and the dialogue of common life. That which charms us in a fairy tale appears absurd in a picture professed to be drawn from the real world about us.

The Two Baronesses are intended to depict Danish manners under two aspects. One of them is by birth a peasant, the daughter of a dependant of the noble family into which it was her good fortune to be admitted by a marriage with the heir. She had witnessed the despotic treatment of the peasantry in the person of her father, tyrannised over by her noble father-in-law, and she had experienced in her own person the brutality of her husband, whose love for her had changed to hatred. This lady is introduced to us in her old age, when she is striving to compensate to the peasantry for some of the wrongs inflicted upon them by the class she had joined.

The Baroness (senior) has a grandson, a mysterious young gentleman, whose paternity is somewhat dubious; who has been banished from his home, and who, by his sudden return, cuts the thread of the plot when it is becoming too tangled to be easily resolved by ordinary means. The youth is, of course, the hero. The heroine is a young lady, the foundling

child of an itinerant organ-grinder, whose mamma dies while giving her birth in a ditch. The baby is fortunately found by some students, who present her to the old Baroness, and she is confided to the care of a worthy family, the picture of whose social life is by far the best part of the work. The Baroness continues her patronage, and Elizabeth grows up in the bosom of her adopted home. She is of a romantic turn; she falls in love with a young gentleman who is imprisoned on a charge of murder at Copenhagen. She had been reading *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, and this inspired her with resolution to imitate the heroic enterprise of Jeannie Deans, and tramp off to Copenhagen to petition the king for the pardon of her lover. The journey is interesting, and admirably told. She falls into a position of great danger, from which she is rescued by the fortunate return and interposition of the Baroness's grandson, and ultimately in gratitude she marries him, and so becomes the other Baroness, and thus accomplishes the title of the romance—*The Two Baronesses*.

As might have been predicted by all acquainted with the peculiar style of ANDERSEN, whatever merit there is in this work lies in its isolated sketches of character, descriptions of scenery, small incidents, and scraps of dialogue. Many of these removed from their context are very charming, and hence in the specimens the book appears more attractive than it will be found on perusal. It should, however, be premised, as an excuse for any stiffness of style that may be discovered, that it was written in English—in itself a remarkable fact, and proof of the industry which seems habitual with ANDERSEN, as well as of an uncommon aptitude for the learning of languages. What Englishman would have acquired equal mastery of German in the same time?

We shall cull largely from the sketches in which ANDERSEN is so excellent, but they will be far from exhausted; and we recommend the reader, who cannot fail to be pleased with the following specimens, to seek the rest in the work itself, which, however inferior as a romance, will in portions impart unmingled pleasure.

Here is a scene from her journey to Copenhagen:—

A DANISH FLY-WAGGON.

Early in the morning she was awakened by the servant, who told her that she must now get up if she meant to go by the fly-waggon. Two large spring-waggons, with four seats in each, stood in the yard below; several women and gentlemen, all fine persons, as Elizabeth thought, got into them. The waggons were very high; she got a place in the middle: the driver blew his horn, and they rattled quickly through the streets, where the people came to the windows, and there was such nodding and greeting, such a shouting hither and thither, and they went briskly on, but only till they got out of the town; then they went very slowly indeed. It was the fly-waggon pace; the fly-waggon conversation began, the fly-waggon acquaintances were made. They all were, as we have said, fine persons. The heavens were clouded, and it blew hard; but with Danish equanimity, as regards the climate, they mutually consoled themselves, saying that they ought to be glad of the wind, otherwise they would have had a drenching rain. Two women told each other the most frightful stories about the fly-waggon, which had been upset the day before. It had once, the year previously, run over a child; nay, they were never safe. Then they began to talk about misery; and from the fly-waggon they directed their discourse to an air-balloon that had fallen from a terrible height in England. There was a middle-aged man who spoke aesthetically, and was encouraged in it by a young student, who seemed to be shrewdness itself. "I say with

Shakspeare, "no, no," said the elder of the two, for he could quote. "Where does Shakspeare say that?" inquired the Student. "He says so in many places. It is a well-known reply." "Yes, but then he says something more, surely?" said the Student. "Indeed, do you think so?" answered the old man, a little offended. The travellers by the fly-waggon became more and more acquainted, and it was soon discovered that Elizabeth was "a stranger"—from Holstein, as they said—and that she was quite alone. Where the Halligers lay, no one knew, not even the Student, who stated that it was a wrong pronunciation of the name, or else he should have known it. Halligers he made out to be Heligoland, and then it was soon Helgoland. Elizabeth shook her head, but did not enter into any further explanation. They then drove over the highly-situated and hilly heath-land, with its wide prospect, past the Gisselfeldt and Bregentved woods.

This is quite a *Bozzian* sketch of

COPENHAGEN IN NOVEMBER.

It was in November, in what we call our bad season, with rain and drizzle; and with its eternal blasts, one imagines oneself in the cavern of the winds. It was in the real, Copenhagen November days; with grey skies, twilight instead of daylight, and muddy streets, so that umbrellas and galosches became a necessary part of the human machine;—its limit above and below; added to this, as the only change, a raw, thick fog, such as one can positively taste. The whole air is a cold damp which penetrates through the clothes and into the pores of the body: it sheds its clamminess over gateway and door, over the wooden balustrades, and through the entrance halls; one feels oneself in an element suited for frogs, and not for warm-blooded animals. The dustman and scavenger's waggon, with its drenched and ragged driver, who helps the dirty servant girl to empty her tub of dirt and sweepings into his filthy receptacle, is the bouquet of such Copenhagen November day.

DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMEN IN COPENHAGEN.

The semstresses in Copenhagen are a distinct class, and highly respectable girls—with exceptions. Their condition is usually very laborious and painful; their gains are very trifling, and their life is often a prison life. From early morning until late in the evening, they must work indefatigably at the houses of families, often entire strangers to them, from whom they receive various treatment. In the houses of the citizens they are generally reckoned of the family, and even take their meals with them, or in the children's bedrooms; but, with persons of a higher rank they are under a sort of arrest; they are shut up in a room with their sewing, and there does not come a living being to them, except, as in prison, when their food is brought to them. There are many instances of these poor semstresses utterly avoiding and detesting those houses, where, if even their gains are greater than in other places they are not able to bear this separation from all society—this eternal silence.

The next is a delicious bit of description:—

A SUMMER SAIL.

The clouds became redder, the moon paler, and the daylight came: they saw the birds above them and on the way side, the sheep on the moors, and at length a few men here and there on the road, the majority on horseback, and also women. "Moritz, the day will be fine," began Hedevid, as if driven to speak by seeing the awakening life around her. "Every morning is in fact a repetition of the creation, just as the Bible tells us it was. First we see the air, then the water; the plants next appear, then the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; and lastly, man!" The brother and sister stood at the forepart of the boat: they spoke not a word, their eyes were fixed on the dark swimming islands—the Halligers—the largest of which was the end of their voyage. The white mountainous sandbanks on Amrom rose high in the dark atmosphere; the flat Halligers lay like a drift of seaweed, whose motion has ceased. The sea rolled its

yellow-green turbid waves, as the tide brings them in. They were obliged to tack; a few strokes of the oars brought them nearer Oland, with its town and church. They saw two female figures approaching the shore; others soon joined them; every figure appeared quite distinct as they came forward, the air forming the background, for the islands are so low, and the extent even of the greatest so insignificant. Here is not a tree, not a bush,—a gooseberry-bush excepted, which shot forth sickly in a corner of the parson's grounds. All the houses of the town are built on layers of beams, and are placed close to each other with small openings between them; it is as if wind and stream had driven them near together, and close to the church, as the sheep to the ram. The small windows are placed high up, painted blue and green: they shine and look as if they belonged to the cabin of a ship. It was the time for roses; the great rose-bed in the court-yard, where the "wooden horse" had formerly stood, was in its richest flower. In the field outside, the red clover stood, so thick and fragrant with its flowers, that it seemed as if they would also be roses. The air was warm, the clouds so soft and transparent, they might all have been painted, they were so exactly what they should be. The bees flew humming about, and the willow twigs bent under the flocks of sparrows; there was life and movement; and during all this there approached,—not that tawny-white skeleton with his scythe and hour-glass, as he is painted on the church wall,—no, but the renewing angel, the winnowing of whose wing brings from the unknown land an air, within whose breath our earthly body is gently prepared for corruption.

The tyranny of the nobles in the olden time is thus drawn from the reminiscences of the old Baroness:—

FEUDAL DESPOTISM IN DENMARK.

About sixty years ago, the lot of the peasant in Denmark was deplorable enough; he was not much better than a drudge. After villeinage, which King Frederick the Fourth abolished, came bondage; almost all the peasants were serfs, and obliged to do military service until their fifty-second year: many young men endeavoured to escape this service by hiding themselves, and others disabled themselves in order to be free. The proprietor of the estate where this original grandmother lived, her father-in-law, had been a reprobate fellow, one of the most barbarous men of his time, and about whom tradition has preserved the most cruel remembrances. An opening was still shewn in the gateway, where the peasant was let down into what they called "the dog's-hole." The damps from the moat penetrated through the walls below, and in wet seasons the floor was covered with mud and water, in which the frogs and water-rats gambolled at will; here they let the peasant down, and why? Often because he could not pay what was imposed on him for the miserable farm, which the proprietor had ordered him to take, and on which the peasant's little inheritance was expended. "The Spanish cloak," which many an honest man had been compelled to bear, still lay in the tower; and in the centre of the court-yard, where there was now a fine grass-plot and Provence roses, once stood the "wooden horse," on whose back the peasant had often sat, with leaden weights fastened to his legs, until he became a cripple; whilst the Baron sat in his hall and drank with his good friends, or flogged his hounds so that they howled in rivalry with the rider in the yard. It is that time, that manor, and that lord of the manor, of whom we now propose to speak.

Some ragged peasant-boys stood and peeped into the court-yard; there sat a man riding the "wooden horse;" it was long Rasmus, as they called him. He had once saved a little money, and therefore the lord of the manor forced him to take a miserable half-ruined farm. Rasmus laid out his little all in the endeavour to improve it; but he could not make it much better, and they could not pay the rent and taxes. The proprietor had every stick and stone valued, and then turned Rasmus,

with his wife and child, out of the farm. Rasmus wrote a melancholy song about it, and was put in the "dog's-hole for his pains. When he came out, they let him have a house in the fields, with scarcely any land to it, unless a little cabbage-garden, and a piece of land in the pastures, about two acres, can be so called; and for this wretched shed and strip of ground, he and his wife were obliged to work and drudge most of their time on the estate; he had that morning complained that it was too hard a life, and for this he now rode on the "wooden horse." This horse was a narrow plank raised on two poles, and the poor sinner was placed across it; two heavy bricks were fastened to his legs, that they might stretch them down, and that his seat on the sharp board might be more painful. A pale emaciated woman, her eyes filled with tears, stood and talked with the man who had a sort of temporary superintendence over the sinner—she was long Rasmus's wife. The culprit had neither hat nor cap on; his thick hair hung down over his face, and he shook it now and then when the flies plagued him too much. The heavy bricks weighed his feet towards the ground; but, however much he stretched out his toes, he could not reach it to get support. A little girl, three years of age, his and Hannah's child, and beautiful as an angel, toddled about in the grass; and whilst the mother spoke with the man who kept guard, the child approached her father, and, either from the mother's instructions, or from childish instinct, she pushed a stone noiselessly under one foot, so that he could rest on it. The child had already taken a stone up in the same way, to slip it under the other foot, and looked, with her beautiful intelligent face, up to her father, when the Baron stood in the gateway opposite to them with his great riding-whip. He had observed what passed; and the whip cracked around the poor child, and it uttered a painful scream from the blow; the mother threw herself between them, but the Baron kicked the poor pregnant woman, who fell down on the pavement. We will turn from this horrid scene, of which, in the so-called "good old times," there are too many to tell; and only state that this child, whose neck and arm were swollen with the blow of the whip when she pushed the stone under her father long Rasmus's foot as he rode on the "wooden horse," was no other than the old Baroness, the Grandmother; for this child whom he struck became in time his son's wife.

In a different strain is

A DIALOGUE ON MUSIC.

"Weyse!" he exclaimed, "my dear excellent Weyse! Denmark has in him a clever and national composer, greater than she knows. No one has heard of him abroad, and at home it is only real musicians who are aware of his value."—It was Weyse's music to *Macbeth* that lay on the shelf, and which he had taken up, that called forth this deserved eulogium.—"That has, however, been generally appreciated," said Moritz: "what beautiful chamber-music there is in it!—the watchman's song, and the scene with the witches."—"I value and admire Weyse," he answered, "and I think I dare call myself his most zealous admirer; yet in this composition I am, perhaps, on account of my musical peculiarity, of a different opinion to my countrymen,—ay, even the most able musicians. I demand from him something else than what he has given us. I miss here just what Weyse knew so well how to impress on his compositions—the characteristic. The chamber-music in *Macbeth's* castle is, I will acknowledge, even to be genial, but it is not characteristic of the time and place. Such a piece of music does not carry us to *Macbeth's* castle in Inverness-shire. Old Scotch ballads, or songs like these, should be heard; those instruments must predominate which lead us to think of the bagpipes. The witches' scene in music I can only imagine, from music depicting the situation. I would give the hideous and the unearthly, the mysterious, the night-storm on the heath; and the singing voices of the witches I would confine to a monotonous song that should only change with the sinking and rising of the voice." On Hedevid's stating that the chamber-music

sounded, at least to her, like real Scotch, he sat down to the piano, saying, "I cannot, however, play it, for ten fingers are wanted, and I have, properly speaking, only as good as five." And he shewed them his stiff hand. "This is a remembrance of a forest drive in Denmark." Then with his sound hand he played with such expression, and with such consummate master of the instrument, that one would really have thought he had four hands. There was a life, a soul, in that delicately-formed face; his eyes shone, his lips quivered, and it was then clear to Moritz where he had seen him, and who he was. And yet, how was it possible? He, whom Moritz remembered, was poor, neglected, treated with rudeness; and this was a celebrated man, whose name resounded from France with a thrill through the world of Art.

We have here a glimpse of

OLD CUSTOMS.

"There was meaning in all our old customs," said the landlord; "there is not near so much of what is solemn now as in ancient times. I always liked the old dances. Nowadays it is, 'swing me here, swing me there'—it is meaning that's wanting. And then that fine custom at the wedding, that when the young wife was led home for the first time to her husband's house, he drew his sword and stuck it into the thatched roof over the door, and let her go in under it: the marriage-sword was drawn over her." "Have you now got into that nonsense?" cried a voice from the kitchen; but the landlord was not to be put out of his talk, and continued: "And then the old *Fenster*, which has quiet died away—nay, is even forbidden by law." "And I think it ought to be forbidden," said Moritz; "it appears to me to be derogatory to all modesty, to continue such a custom as that." "It was highly moral," said Madame Leyson; "my grandmother was a highly moral woman, and she got her husband by the 'Fenster.'" When they knew that all were in bed, the young men went each to that house where she lived that he would go a-courting to. The chamber windows were, as we know, never fastened; the lover went very orderly into the chamber, and sat down by the bed; there he could speak the feelings of his heart freely; and if she did not like him she could creep under the bedclothes as far as she liked, and then he was obliged to go his way. I don't think that this was more shocking than the long betrothals, and that eternal kissing which accompanies it in these times: that I think immoral. Not one kiss did they get in their night courtships. I know it, for my grandmother was a woman of veracity."

ANDERSEN is quite himself when he deals with childhood, as witness the following exquisitely delicate sketch of

THE NURSEMAID AND THE CHILD.

"Now we shall go out this afternoon and amuse ourselves," said Keike, who promised Elizabeth that she would go with her, both to the new and the old churchyard:—it was very pleasant, indeed. Hand-in-hand, they wandered through the village and across the island, which is scarcely a mile broad. Some sheep were nibbling the stunted grass: They were patted and talked to, and then the two walked on towards the sea, where the old churchyard was, and where the surge, in every storm, had carried away parts of the low slope, and round about there stuck forth pieces of coffins and whole human bones. Keike crept down to the lowest point, and gathered up the bones in her apron, or they would otherwise have soon been washed away. These, she said, she would carry up to the new churchyard, and lay them in the ground there, so that they would at least rest in peace until the sea reached so far. "Here we will not stay at night," said she, "for the mourning widow, as she is called, often sits here;" and then Keike stated that it was not the ghost of a dead person, but the figure of the living wife, whose husband was drowned at sea. Many a seaman's wife had seen herself sitting here by the strand, dressed in mourning, and wringing her hands; and then she knew that her husband was dead; she—Keike—had seen herself as "the mourning widow."

Such stories as these and others did Keike relate, in order to make their walk pleasant, and then turned towards the new churchyard, where she took a spade and buried the bones of the dead that she had found by the strand, and then said the Lord's prayer over them.

She led little Elizabeth from grave to grave, for Keike could read the inscriptions and knew all the graves; on some of them there was raised a large and somewhat flat stone, on which was cut, besides the inscription, the deceased person himself, hovering in the clouds, and received by those previously departed. There many touching and many very short inscriptions; many appeared very curious, but this never came into Keike's mind. Here on one gravestone one might read that besides the husband himself, here also rested the bones of his still living wife. She herself had had this inscription put on the stone, so that it must be true. Another stone was put up for a steersman who had perished at sea, but whose body had never been found, and for the children he had left behind; the date of the year was wanting, but there was a place left for it to be inserted. All the gravestones were covered with a damp green growth; not a flower was to be found here, a few box-trees were the only plants one saw, and these were half-withered; whereas a few children's graves had pretty mosaic-like borders of shells and round stones washed up by the sea.

We could not leave a more favourable impression upon the minds of our readers than with the recital of this passage, and therefore we close the volume.

The Fortune-Teller's Intrigue; or, Life in Ireland before the Union: a Tale of Agrarian Outrage. By THOMAS R. J. POLSON. In 3 vols. London, 1848. Orr and Co.

THE execution of this novel falls far below its conception. Mr. POLSON's design was to exhibit the Irish peasant as he is. Although the scene is laid before the Union, it is plain that he is painting from persons and events passing before his eyes. But he wants the capacity to accomplish his design; he is unskilful in the construction of a plot, incapable of giving expression to the more profound passions by which men are stirred, and his composition wants the polish and facility of a practised penman.

But the heartiness of the endeavour to describe the peasant as he is, no fault concealed and no romance thrown about him; the boldness with which the causes of his degradation are traced and proclaimed, would excuse larger faults than are found in this novel. The spirited dialogues make amends for much tame narrative, and the occasional flashes of genuine Irish character, for the general inefficiency of the story. The story is that of a peasant, Paddy Donnelly, his wife Peggy, and daughter Kate, who exhibit a remarkable contrast with the laziness and improvidence of the Milesians among whom they live, and whom they strive in vain to reform by their own good example of industry, cleanliness, and foresight. The contrast thus afforded enables the author to bring out in strong relief the peasant as he is and as he might be, and to shew the causes of his present misery and the means by which it may be avoided. The greater portion of the work is occupied with scenes that exhibit these opposite characters, and which are interspersed with sensible reflections thrown in unobtrusively. But the fair beginnings are destined to a melancholy end. Even the industrious Paddy cannot resist the influences by which he is surrounded. Kate is loved by a young man who is desirous of marrying her, but her father forbids until he shall be in possession of a farm. After a while one falls vacant; they apply for it, but find it taken over their heads

by a Protestant. This rouses all their bad passions, and Paddy and his intended son-in-law deliberately murder the man who had been more fortunate than themselves! Such is, doubtless, the history of half the assassinations in Ireland. As a specimen of the author's best manner we take his description of

THE MURDER.

Knowing that the successful applicant had but a short time before left the residence of the agent, and jealous of his good luck, as well as from an inveterate hatred of his creed, they proceeded quickly along, conspiring as they travelled how they should best execute that resentment which a sense of his good fortune alone inspired. Coming into view of him on the road, the conversation for some time was as follows:—"It's a bad think to meditate a murder, Paddy, but I'm blissed if I can help thinkin' that it would be a good job to put the heretic from ever forestallin' us in a bargain again." "I wouldn't like to have the name of a murderer," answered Paddy, "but onct a fellow's passion's riz, why he often does things that he regrets after. I often think it's a sin to put a body in sich a passion; an' I'm of the opinion that a man shouldn't be accountable for his acts while in that state, bekase he doesn't take time to raison." "The murder of a heretic at any time can't be a very great sin," observed Denis. "In throth, although the laws don't sanction it in any shape or form, still I'm of the notion that it's more an act o' charity we'd be performin' to all Christen-able people than anything else. Step out, at all evints, till we overtake him." * * * By this time they had approached within a few yards' distance of Hicks, whom they had already marked as their victim. Ere they advanced many paces the object of their pursuit turned round, addressing them in a very kind manner, which their cunning induced them to reply to in an apparently similar spirit; their murderous purpose being (owing to the paucity of their number) to fall upon him unawares, and at a moment when the probability of his making any defence would be the most unlikely. "I suppose," said Paddy, addressing him first, "you've h'ard of the way the agint thrated one of our neighbours, Lanty Branigan by name?" "Yis," replied Hicks, "I've h'ard somethin' about it. Maybe, howsomiver, that the agint wasn't altogether to blame in what he did." "Throth, maybe so," observed Denis, ironically. "Why, he thought he was too lazy to work, an' that that was the principal illness that ailed him," observed Hicks. "An' I s'pose you'd be aisily coaxed to believe the same thing," remarked Denis. "Why, I hadn't as good a right to know as Misher Partial," replied Hicks; "but from all the little acquaintance I have of him, I'd be likely to b'lieve he'd do nothin' to injure any man." "You have had some dalin's with him, thin, it seems," observed Paddy. "If I hadn't I wouldn't spake with sich confidence." "An' do you mane to say that any man who could find in his heart to thrate a poor creature as he thrated Lanty has the feelin's of a Christen?" asked Denis. "It was hard enough, but the man wouldn't do it without cause. As long as Lanty paid his rint honestly he wasn't put out; but when he fell two years behind it was time to do something." "You lie! he didn't owe two years," exclaimed Denis, angrily; and scarcely had he finished the sentence, than, falling a little behind, he made the ragged stick rebound from the occipital region of his head with a sound which could easily have been heard at the distance of a hundred yards. Stunned with the blow, the poor fellow staggered forward for a few paces, the blood flowing profusely from the incisions, and fell insensible on the ground. While prostrate he was jumped upon by Paddy in a paroxysm of rage, who belaboured him in a savage manner with the stick he had received in exchange from Kelly; the latter of whom, lifting a large stone, let it fall upon his head, causing his brains to protrude from his ear; in which state they left him, considering his death inevitable in a very short time. In the course of an hour after he was discovered in the awful situation in which they had

left him, weak and senseless, his clothes being completely saturated with blood, and a small pool of clotted gore not many feet from his head.

In that fearful, but, we fear, too truthful expression, "The murder of a heretic at any time can't be any great sin," is perhaps to be found the key to the riddle which has perplexed philosophers, statesmen, and psychologists, why life is held in less respect in Ireland than in any civilised country in the world. The Irish have been taught that there is not much harm in shooting a heretic—or if they have not been so instructed, no pains have been taken to eradicate so terrible a belief.

POETRY.

WOOD NOTES.

The Silviludia of M. Casimir Sarbievius, with a Translation in English verse. Musings at Tynemouth, Ten Sonnets. North and South, Ten Sonnets. By R. C. COXE, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

In the days of the sober-minded denizens of the sixteenth century there lived one MATTHEW CASIMIR SARBIEVIUS, a Pole, and a Latin poet of a most noble order. The writings of this SARBIEVIUS are but little known to general readers. A select few were acquainted with them, COLERIDGE amongst the number, who did not fail to pay a deserved tribute to their exceeding beauty; nor is GROTIUS backward in his compliments, for in one of his works, alluding to the Polish poet, he remarks,—

Non solem æquavit, sed interdum superavit Flaccum.

We glean from the biographical sketch prefixed to the *Wood Notes* by the translator, that SARBIEVIUS, after shining in various branches of learning, was appointed theological professor to LADISLAUS VI. who, with his royal hand conferred also the doctor's degree; that he was the chosen companion of the king in his hunting excursions, which diversion gave rise to the poems now under notice; for while the "king and court were engaged in the chase, the imaginative chaplain was recording his enjoyment of pure country delights in certain 'wood notes wild,' which he termed *Silviludia Poetica*." In the brief remarks we shall make, it will be unnecessary to quote the verse in its original language; our business is more with the translator, who, a poet himself, has treated with a skilful hand and zealous heart the musings of one of his elder brethren.

The work, as the title would indicate, is divided into three sections; the first styled *Silviludia*, the second *Musings at Tynemouth*, the last *North and South*, each numbering ten sonnets. The commencing sonnet, written in praise of LADISLAUS, the poet's patron, is not free from certain extravagances that courtiers are apt to fall into when speaking of their royal masters. The second in this collection is "To the Dew," being the dance of shepherds when LADISLAUS went out in the morning to hunt. It is thus:—

Gentle dews of early morning,
Who descending, heaven's own lending,
Are with sparkling eyes adorning
Flowers, all beauteous colours blending.
Ye who gleam in budding shells,
Where the flowing meadow swells!
Wakeful, ye from Eastern bowers
Flora tend, her herbs to send her,
While from silver urns your showers
Do the parch'd mead thankful render:
Silent rain, by bright dawn given!
Fattening drops from teeming heaven!

Then, again, from another "song" we quote the following stanza, so remarkable for a fresh-

ness and buoyancy of composition as to fix attention on its beauties at once:—

Lo! the beauteous flowers to prove
Lord! to thee their mindful love,
Ope to heaven their leafy wings—
While each petal upward flings
Sigh, that fragrant incense bears,
As soothes the earth with dewy tears.
See! the rose from yonder bed,
With pouting lip all ruby red,
Tell its tale of glowing love—
And what would that pallor prove
On the ivy's clasping arms,
But trusting timid love's alarms,
Upward ever upward stealing,
Tho' some pale doubt aye revealing!

To shew our readers the manner in which the translator has fulfilled his task, we depart from our first intention, by annexing a very brief extract in the original language, as well as the translation. It is very beautiful, and the lines are from the "Song of the Fishermen":—

Mane primo tu nascenti	Apollo, thou at early morn,
Vespere sero	And thou at dewy eve,
Tu cadenti Delio	Rising in pride—in glory
Cru Phœnici æthereo	shorn,
Liquido præbes	Descending dost receive;
Toro cunas	Glad he seeks thy pillow
Et sepulcrum.	wave,
	Then his cradle, now his
	grave.

We should be chargeable with ingratitude if, after the hint we have expressed of Mr. COXE's ability in the translation, we neglected to quote from one of the sonnets in the collection, named *North and South*, a production from the translator's own pen. It is addressed to the "River":—

Far hast thou wandered, noble stream! from scenes
Where long thy limpid wave might love to dwell,
The perfumed meadow, and the bosky dell,
Now courting day, now veiled by leafy screens.
Yet here we find thee, where pollution rank
Defiles thy crystal, while a sweltering crew
With oath, alas! and discord harsh pursue
The toil that lades thy breast from either bank.
Still bid thy floods no angry murmur vent!
But while around the parting prow they rise,
Oa voyage of venture bound, or high emprise,
Sing! that by thee to some far clime are sent
A sound may kindred hosts arouse and save,
A light may cheer the darkness of the grave.

A more graceful composition than the one just given can scarcely be conceived, and the world would be gainers if more poetry from the same spring were cast upon the waters. As a translator of SARBIEVIUS's, too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. COXE,—and not more for the skill with which he has got through his task, than for giving to the crowds of poet-admirers the translation of a volume which, as long as language lasts, will hold a deservedly honoured place amongst poetical gems.

Ruins of Many Lands. By NICHOLAS MICHELL. London: W. Tegg and Co.

A VERY excellent serial publication has just come under our notice. It is from the pen of a gentleman whose name is, at least, young in literature, but whose acquirements are of a sound classical order. The work bears the title of *Ruins of Many Lands*, and will be completed in three parts. The present number comprises Ruins of the Dark Era, with incidental notices of the Pyramids, the Temples of Egypt, and the ruined cities of America. Then it embraces the ruins of the Classic Era, with references to Rome, Troy, the Greek Isles, &c.; and also the ruins of miscellaneous ages, such as Geraza in Gilead, the Tombs of Abraham and Rachel at Jerusalem, &c. This forms the outline of the first part, and we are glad to be enabled to bear testimony to the beauty of the poetry. Without being pedan-

tic or incomprehensible, it is carefully and pleasingly written, giving abundant evidence that Mr. MICHELL has poetic talent of no mean order. We have been pleased, too, with the way in which he treats of the cities of the Dark Era; and, as an illustration, annex a short passage from some of the early stanzas in the volume.

"Ah man! proud fragile thing, who dream'st of power
Founding thy laws; and rearing dome and tower—
Hoping to wage successful war with Time;
Great in thy schemes, and in thy arms sublime;
Pause, nursing of an hour! and child of clay!
Read on thy mightiest works that word—decay!
A little while on earth's uncertain scene,
Pride's arm is strong, and Glory's bays are green:
A little while do thrones and empire's claim,
From crouching thousands, homage and a name;
But like the waves, still shifting as they glide,
Power onward rolls her ever-changing tide.
Yes, deem not, man! eternal fate to brave;
For all things earthly, yawns destruction's grave;
Sure as the writing on Belshazzar's wall,
Thy schemes shall fail, thy Titan hopes shall fall;
Mind only lives for ever; amaranth bloom,
And Time but breaks his scythe beyond the tomb!
From Babel's site we northward bend our way,
O'er shrubless sands where Ishmael's wanderers
stray,
Scorners of cities law has failed to bind,
Children of rapine, foes to all mankind!
No change in this wild race do ages see,
Savage yet courteous, ignorant, yet free,
Doomed by God's fiat evermore to roam,
The sands their only world, the tent their home.

When the volume is completed it will be an unpretending but valuable addition to poetic literature.

EDUCATION.

National Education. An Address to the Nation on the Education of the Children of the Poor, &c. By the Vicar of Harwell, Bucks. Oxford, 1848. Vincent.

THE Rev. WM. FLETCHER has seen successfully carried out in a school established by the rector of the village of Lower Trynton, in Lincolnshire, a system of education of his own projecting, by which, and without banishing the Bible or dethroning religious training from the lofty place to which it is entitled, he has accomplished the desirable object of a Christian Union within the walls of the school-room, bringing together in harmony and love the children of Churchman and Dissenter to share the same blessing and learn the same fundamental and universally-admitted principles of Christianity.

Having proved the possibility and the advantages of such an union, he now seeks in this pamphlet to urge its adoption by the rest of the parochial clergy, and with this purpose he commences by a collection of facts and opinions of the experienced, proving the urgency of the education of the poor; he then proceeds to shew that this will be impracticable so long as it is made exclusive and sectarian, and that it is the especial duty of the National Church to open the doors of its national schools so widely that they may admit all who need teaching, and thus truly deserve their title. He contends that this may be done without any abandonment of any necessary inculcation of religious truths. "Are there not," he asks, "certain points and principles of faith and duty in which all who rank themselves with the meek and lowly Jesus are agreed, and are not these, for the present, sufficient to guide your children into the way of peace, to curb their passions and amend their hearts—and may not these be taught in our schools?"

He then shews how this may be, and in the parish in question has actually been effected. He enters minutely into the principle, the plan, and the management of such a truly National School, and to all who are engaged in the same good work we heartily commend the perusal of this pamphlet, as abounding in practical information of incalculable utility to them, and trusting that the noble example here set will, ere long, be universally followed.

Every Child's History of England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Miss CORNER. London, 1848. Dean and Co.

WE know of no more difficult enterprise than the composition of a History which shall be intelligible to children. But Miss CORNER has succeeded in accomplishing it, seizing upon the most prominent events of British History, and presenting them in a graphic form, and in language suited to the capacities of her readers. She is *simple* without being *silly*, and that is a rare virtue in writers for the young.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review for October opens with a severe but somewhat carping and captious critique on the literary productions of the present Premier. It must be confessed that Lord JOHN RUSSELL is a better statesman than author. Some of the palpable contradictions between his writings and his actions, especially on the question of the corn-laws, are startling; but it must be remembered that the noble lord was young when he wrote, and it is to be hoped that his wisdom was acquired by experience. Few men probably retain in middle life the precise opinions which they entertained in youth—at least, no thinking persons. It is no shame to Lord JOHN RUSSELL that he has grown wiser as he has grown older, and that experience, and reflection, and circumstances have changed some of his early convictions; on the contrary, it is creditable to him that, having changed his opinions, he has had the courage to act upon his more mature judgment, and to defy the fool's charges of inconsistency. In an article on "the Causes of Poverty" the writer endeavours to trace the sources of the evils that afflict society; but the difficulty that encumbers this question is, we suspect, self-produced. Are the debaters sure of their fact? Is it true that there is more extensive or more extreme poverty now than at any former time? We have a strong suspicion that the evil is not new, only that it has become more apparent in consequence of the increased attention given to it. "The Iron Manufacture of South Wales" is a minute and deeply interesting account of one of the most important branches of British industry. "Entomology" is treated in an article at once amusing and instructive. "The Schleswig Holstein question" is sought to be made plain to popular understanding, but not very successfully. "The Improvement of Waste Lands in Ireland" is the theme of a careful and elaborate essay by a pen perfectly familiar with it, and competent to advise. The concluding article is on "the French Republic;" it is written with much energy and power, and it conveys the opinions, of which the *Westminster* is an organ, in a striking shape to the general reader. But the writer assumes what is not proved, that the people of England,—that is to say, the majority of the intelligence of the country—is in favour of great and rapid organic changes. This we do not believe to be true in fact, and if not true, his application of French experience to home politics is worthless. The Foreign Review division is very attractive. It contains notices of, with ample extracts from, "Palutotā in Search of the best of Republics," "the General History of the Great Peasant War," "the Caucasus," &c.

The Eclectic Review for October, among many other articles of great merit and interest, for the list of which the reader is referred to the advertisement, contains an elaborate memoir of Dr. CHANNING; an account of the Niger Expedition, reviewed in the last CRITIC, is a political paper on "The Session of 1848," whose doings, undoings, and not doings, are criticised well and fearlessly.

The Gentleman's Magazine for October has a fine engraving of Caister Castle. The contents are of the usual quality, and permanently valuable, comprising archaeology, biography, history, a retrospective and a contemporary review, and a complete record of the events of the time. The obituary is very copious, and its character will be seen from the many extracts we are wont to make from it for the *Necrology* of THE CRITIC. The oldest

of the magazines, this is substantially the best. We take a few passages from a series of papers that has been long in progress here, entitled "The Portfolio of a Man of the World." Here is a singularly eloquent

PASSAGE FROM A SERMON BY THE REV. C. IRVING.

Went to hear Irving. I had heard Chalmers, and his coarse accent and strong powers produced the most powerful effect; it might not be finished eloquence, but it was truth; it was sincere, and went to the heart. Mr. Irving's is finer eloquence—very fine were some passages of his to-day. There was one on the "worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched," in which he described the gradual and increasing remorse of a criminal—"When the first troubled sleep after the dreadful crime shall break, with a start at the first light of day, and feel that another day can never rise as yesterday arose upon him, innocent. The worm that never dieth has begun its torture. He rises, he goes about as another; he is like others in the business of life, and the day is done; he lays him down to rest—To rest? to rest? there is no rest for him! It is the darkness of night. Is he alone? it is dark, it is silent, no voice heard, no sound, no sight. Is he alone? No, there is with him his conscience! what voice does it utter? what sound does it whisper? what sight does it present to his mind's eye? His crime! The fire that is never quenched has begun to burn within. That night, and another day, and another night may pass, and in excess, or in excitement, or in labour, he may still the gnawing pang, or stifle the devouring pain, but it is there. It has begun, it goes on, it increases; day brings no respite; through all that he can do, or all that he can think, and with all that numbers, and noise, and the cheerful light of day can do, he feels the worm for ever busy at his heart,—the inward flame that 'never can be quenched.' Night brings no relief—that long, long sleepless agony of hours—the burthen of them is intolerable.—'Death, death,' he says,—'death only can release me!'

"Death! 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee,' and you shall know what is that death on which you call. You shall know, indeed, what is this worm that gnaweth at your heart; what is this flame that devours you. Alive, you could for a space assuage, or still, or lull, or drown the agony; sleep might, hardly won, annihilate for some brief hours the torture of your suffering. But now you know that there is no change, no rest, no respite; now death has come, this finite world is finished, and that which is eternal has begun; and now you feel what that eternal is! No change, no rest, no respite; for there 'their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.' Aye! there it works and gnaws, and ceases not; then come in ceaseless round the 'Why did I do it?' and 'What was the temptation?' the 'Oh, if I had but—' the 'Oh, had I stopped there.' And then begins again, 'Ah! why did I do it? What was the temptation?' And 'the worm ceaseth not; ceaseth not, ceaseth not! never, never! The never-ceasing conscience, memory brings ever on and on, and round and round ever, ever on and on, and round and round,—his merry childhood, fond parents, happy playmates,—Innocence! And then comes Guilt, and then Remorse; and burning, branding, cauterising, on it goes, 'their flame is never quenched.' What was that hope of happiness, what was that calm, that rest, that innocence? Heaven! What is this end of guilt, what is this agony, this torture, this worm that gnaws, this fire that is always devouring and never consuming, which is for ever and ever? This is Hell. This is where, in your agony, you behold the innocent, the happy, the blessed; those that you might have been with, those where there is no sorrow, no pain; where the weary are at rest—at rest, at rest, for ever! And in your agony you look at these, and at that gulf between, that never can be passed, and feel yourself in Hell, 'where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.'

The women were all in tears, and the men grew pale; but there was a theatrical air in the performer; it was all so got up. There was something, too, in the man's countenance very revolting. I was glad to have heard and seen him, but I never wish to hear or see him again.

Although long, we cannot refrain from extracting a reminiscence of

AN UNREPORTED SPEECH BY ERSKINE.

Looking over old family papers with Edward, found another of ———'s old note-books. The date had disappeared with the cover, and several of the pages, but it seemed older than what I found some time

ago, which was in Percival's time. The first I found was of a case in which he heard Erskine plead. It was a will case, in which the testator had left his property to found a school in his native place. The nearest of kin, who, however, appears to have been a distant relation, endeavoured to break the will. Erskine was for the defence. The fine figure, studied attitude, graceful action, and brilliant eye marked the man of genius. He replied to the arguments of the counsel against the will, who had endeavoured to prove undue influence, and to shew that, though the claimant was a distant relation, he was not unknown to the testator. "The evidence," he said, "goes to prove that this third cousin was known to, and had been seen by, the testator; be it so. Is affection a necessary consequence of the knowledge of the existence of a third cousin? The testator, gentlemen, you will observe, was not a Scotchman; his was not necessarily that boundless force of kindred tie which can in Scotland—

'Take every clansman in of every kind.'

This was an Englishman; he had not been brought up on the principle that every yellow-haired Sandie or high-checked Jamie that bore his name, or his mother's name, or who was fifth cousin once removed to his great grandfather's nephew by the mother's side, had an undoubted claim to his kindness—and his cash, if he had any. The maker of this will was an English country gentleman; his family was good, and his possessions not large; but he appears to have lived in an easy and comfortable manner. He died at the age of sixty-four, in sound mind; for, though his illness appears to have been long and painful, it does not seem to be of a nature to weaken his intellects. Nor was this will made on his death-bed. It is dated a year previous to his decease. Various evidence had however been brought forward to shew the eccentric turn of his mind. Who is the judge of what is commonplace and ordinary, and what is out of the common, the extraordinary, the eccentric? What is the standard? How far is this to extend? What are these bounds set to freedom of action? Where then is English freedom? In England every man's house is his castle—his own; no man can interfere with the possession. And are his thoughts his actions, to be less free? Are they to be the possession of every by-stander—the sport of every neighbour—to be spied, and watched, and reported by every footman or waiting maid? And, when reported, who are those that are to decide on the ordinary or extraordinary of these thoughts, words and actions. Twelve men taken at hazard. Are eleven of those men taken at hazard the ordinary or extraordinary? Are two or three—are they all, exactly alike? Have none of them any one peculiarity? Are they not different in face and feature; has not each a distinctive countenance? (It was amusing here to see the jury looking at each other, as if to see what were their distinctive countenances.) Has not each of them his own character, his own peculiarity, his own idiosyncrasy? And yet they are to pronounce whether the maker of this will was any thing eccentric—eccentric from what?—different from them? They are each different from each. Does not one love pig with prune sauce? Another cannot abide the smell of pork; a third likes his mutton old—another young; this fancies port—and that prefers shrub-punch. Which is to be the rule—which the exception? A, B, and C, are given in algebraic form as the known, and x, y, and z the unknown of the equation; but in the equation of human characters where are the A, B, C—who is the known—what is the certain? x has a taste for keeping hunters; shall he be called eccentric by y, because y prefers keeping old books? Or shall x and y condemn z, because he likes to keep half-a-dozen poor people from starvation? Shall x declare that y is a madman, because, though he is first cousin to Sturges Bourne, he had rather listen to Sheridan? Is the maker of this will to be found incapable of rational thought, because he prefers leaving his property to the good of the rising generation generally of his native village to limiting his bounty to the rising generation of his third cousin William? It is proved that he wrote a letter to said William, and signed himself thereto "Your affectionate cousin." This certainly proves he acknowledged him as his cousin, but does it prove that he was affectionate? Have not every one of you, gentlemen of the jury, signed yourselves, perhaps within the last four-and-twenty hours, "Your obedient servant" to a man from whom you buy candles, and to whom you have never the slightest intention of being obedient, or a servant? Have not some of you even declared yourselves the "humble servant of your tailor or your bootmaker? Do you mean to say, or will my learned friend on the other side say, they mean when they meet with this

tailor or this bootmaker to "humble" themselves before him? Have not most of you in your time written to your father and signed yourselves "dutiful son," all the time wishing the old gentleman in the churchyard? Would not every one of you now this moment, writing home to say you are detained on this trial, would you not sign yourselves to your wives "Your loving husband?" and I put it to your consciences, gentlemen of the jury, how far you can say that epithet comes from your hearts? That you are husbands, you know, alas! too well—but for the loving! The testator in this case knew, alas! that William was his cousin—but for the affectionate! We may grant then that, though he knew of the existence of this gentleman, knew that his name was William, and acknowledged him as his third cousin, we may grant that he is not supposed to have had for him any great regard. He is not proved to have ever seen him—and yet he is to be pronounced eccentric, because he does not leave him his whole fortune. What gives rise to regard—what occasions affection—what cements attachment? Long acquaintance, intimate connection, constant habit, early association, late and long enduring kindness. Our friendships, our intimacies, our attachments, are formed upon some sympathy of soul, some similarity of taste, some union of purpose; our affections are for our kindred spirits, not for our kindred in name alone. Where a man is brought up with a large family he may naturally find these kindred spirits in his brothers and sisters. If he is married, and is in fact as well as in signature the "loving husband," he finds this intimate companion, this fond association, this long enduring kindness in his wife and children. But in the case of the testator, he was an only son, he was an orphan at an early age, he never married, he had no brother or sister to whom youthful ties could bind him, he had no children on whom to lavish the warmth of a paternal heart. Without brother, sister, wife, or child, or any nearer relation than his third cousin William, he looks about for that on which to bestow the fortune he possessed. What was he longest acquainted with? where were his earliest associations? With his native place; there he was born; there he had lived almost all his life; there he had seen a generation rise beside him; there were all his objects, all his sympathies. He had himself been to the little village school. He had under that ivy-covered porch essayed his first attempts in literary learning. Along that village path he had seen his comrades go. He had there watched the whole succeeding race. Was it extraordinary—was it eccentric, that he should select that village as the object of his bounty—that he should leave all he had to that spot where was all he cared for? He wished when he was laid beneath the sod of that green churchyard, beside that church where he had worshipped for so many quiet country sabbaths, that all which was to remain after him should be for that quiet country place. He wished that dead he should benefit the living—the only living that he loved—the natives of his native place. He wished that those who should be born thereafter should rehearse his praise. He wished that those who were to come after should like him have their earliest, their first, their best associations with their native place. He had loved to look upon the village lads and lasses in their Sunday trim come flocking to that church, or to watch them "at th' appointed hour" bound away upon the village green when school was over. He wished that they should have a fixed, and founded, and superior school. He made his last will to that effect. Not in the dotage of old age, not in the weakness of a deathbed fancy, but deliberately, formally, and at an age when the heart and understanding are usually as fresh as at any time of our lives. The attempt to break such a will is futile. Cousin William might have been hurt, and I think justly, that he had not a mourning ring bequeathed to him; but it was preposterous to expect that his being according to law "next of kin" was according to feeling to make him heir. Heir-at-law he might have been, but heir-at-love he could not expect to be. Had the testator died without a will, this William must have claimed and had this property;

"The Court awards, the law allows of it;"

but the intentions, the wishes, the will of the possessor, are not to be at the discretion of a court's award. Where would have been our noblest institutions—where our proudest buildings—had not the charity or the piety of their founders been more benevolent to posterity than to their third cousins? Would it have been less eccentric, more beneficial to mankind, more honourable to England, had the fortunes which founded Winchester College, or the Bodleian Library, or the Radcliffe, been now supplying the extravagance or adorning the commonplace of some "tenth reflection of a foolish face" in some five-and-twentieth

cousin, because he bore the name of Bodley or of Radcliffe? The learning, the genius, the glory of all the sacred fanes of Cambridge and of Oxford would never have been; age after age would never have revered those monuments of wise benevolence, or trod those lofty halls, emulous of their founders' fame. How many of England's proudest names have sprung from some little grammar-school in some obscure hamlet, founded by some "eccentric" individual, who preferred posterity to his heir-at-law! There is not, I am confident, a jurymen in England who will not decide to substantiate this will, and to give to the inhabitants of this little village, and to their descendants to late posterity, the certainty of a good education,—the chance, through that education, of rising from the humblest rank to the most exalted: going, perhaps, along that very greensward path the founder trod before,—going in their carter's frock to learn at the school his piety bestowed; and, in the end, perhaps, looking back—Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord High Chancellor—upon that very school, the source of all their pride of place.

The jury, without leaving the box, confirmed the will.

Dolman's Magazine for October is chiefly occupied by an account of the Wesleyan Missions at Otaheite and Mr. SOAMES'S work on the Anglo-Saxon Church. Addressed to the Roman Catholic community, it is adapted for them both in its subjects and their treatment.

History of the French Revolutions. Part III. Chambers and Co.—This commences the second volume of Mr. REDHEAD'S work, which presents one of the most graphic pictures we have yet seen of the events of the first French Revolution. Its cheapness will enable the poorest to procure it.

The Ethnological Journal for October, opens with a bold and able article, entitled "A Structural Analysis of the Book of Genesis," which is avowed to be "an attempt to distinguish and partially restore the principal documents on which that Book is composed." A second paper on "the Origin of Nations" continues to trace the progress of the human tribe from its birthplace into the surrounding countries. The third article is entitled "Outlines of Ethnology." This periodical may be made very interesting and important by an enlargement of its design and the introduction of a greater variety of papers.

The National Cyclopædia.—Part XXI. extends from the word "Everdingen" to "Fins." It has many engravings, and its cheapness is unparalleled.

Knight's Farmer's Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs.—Part XIX. is devoted to the treatment of poultry, for whose management the most minute instructions are given, with engravings of the various kinds of domestic birds.

Finden's Illustrated Edition of Byron's Tales and Poems.—Part V. contains the second canto of "The Bride of Abydos," beautifully printed, and illustrated by three exquisite steel engravings, from designs by WARREN. It will, when complete, be a most acceptable drawing-room book.

The Works of Shakspeare.—Part VI. contains *Hamlet*, profusely illustrated by the original pencil of KENNY MEADOWS, and printed in the best style of the art.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Part VII. Orr and Co. is devoted to the Mollusca and the Insect World. Besides the text translation of the immortal work of the great naturalist, there are several spirited engravings from drawings by CHARLES LANDSEER.

France and its Revolutions, a Pictorial History. By GEORGE LONG, Esq.—Part VI. continues the narrative to the storming of the Tuileries. Besides a portrait of DANTON, it is adorned with many woodcuts of great merit, and Mr. LONG'S name is a guarantee for its historical accuracy, and the grace and spirit of the composition.

The Land we Live in.—Part XV. is devoted to the City of Glasgow, which is not only described in the text, but by a multitude of engravings, making it a complete travellers hand-book.

The History of England during the Peace, 1815 to 1845. Part III. Knight.—Mr. C. KNIGHT in this part continues his very able History, from the death of George the Third in 1820 to the year 1822, closing with the memorable declaration of Mr. CANNING against the principles of the Holy

Alliance. Mr. KNIGHT adds much to the interest and value of this History by his copious extracts from the debates in Parliament.

A History of France and of the French People. By G. M. BUSSEY and THOMAS GASPEY. Part VII. Orr and Co.—This truly pictorial history of France advances from the year 1191 to the year 1251. The authors have sought the right sources to make a readable and useful history; they have gone to the Chroniclers and so reproduced the spirit and flesh and not merely the dry bones of the past. There is an engraving on almost every page.

A Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and of Physical and Political Geography. By the Rev. T. MILNER. Part VI. Orr and Co.—This unique and invaluable Atlas contains a copious description of Geography, profusely illustrated by woodcuts, besides three large steel-engraved maps severally of "The Heavens in August, September, and October," and of North and South Italy. It should be placed in every school and private library. In utility it is unrivalled.

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe.—Part XVIII. contains Maps of India, and of France, and Belgium, and Plans of the Battles of Vimeira, Vittoria, and Vauchamps. No modern history should be read without this Atlas upon the table for constant reference.

Physical Geography of the Holy Land. Parts I. and II. By JOHN KITTO, D.D.—These two parts of *Knight's Monthly Volume*, are reprints of a portion of Mr. KITTO'S *History of Palestine*. The author appears to have consulted all the travellers in that region, and he has cited the most striking passages of each, thus adding greatly to the interest and permanent worth of the work.

Mrs. Ellis's Social Distinctions; or, Hearts and Homes, Part IX. has become "intensely interesting." Like all the writings of this lady, it is marked by the good sense of its teachings, and the high moral tone which pervades it.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for October is unusually interesting, especially in its political articles; although we do not sympathise with their sentiments, or assent to their arguments, we must admit them to be powerful and eloquent pleading. The sketch of FOURIER, forming No. I. of "The Sects and Sectaries of the French Revolution," will be read with special interest at this time.

Burnett's Illustrations of Useful Plants, No. CVIII. contains large coloured engravings, with ample scientific and popular descriptions of useful plants.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Standard Library Cyclopædia of Political, Constitutional, Statistical, and Forensic Knowledge. In 4 vols. Vol. I. London: Bohn.

THIS is an exact reprint of a work published by Mr. C. KNIGHT, under the title of the *Political Dictionary*, and which we had continual occasion to introduce to our readers, with warm terms of eulogy, during the course of its appearance in parts. It seems that Mr. BOHN has purchased the copyright of this very valuable and useful work, and is about to present it to the public at just one-half of its original cost, and as an addition to his Standard Library. We trust that the bold enterprise will find its desired reward.

Our readers will probably remember that the *Political Dictionary* of Mr. KNIGHT was a collection of the articles from the *Penny Cyclopædia*, with additions, enlargements, and corrections, and that its purpose was to supply to the book-shelf of the library, the office, and the counting-house, in a compact and convenient form, all the information—political, statistical, and legal—which is required by the man of business or the newspaper reader. The articles are for the most part a collection of facts and figures, rather than of speculations, and they are sufficiently full for the

ordinary purposes of those to whom they are addressed. Thus the first volume extends only to the word "Carrier," and the whole work will occupy four volumes. As a specimen in the manner in which the work is written, we extract, as being also in itself interesting to our readers, the information contained in the article

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT (from the French *avertissement*, which properly signifies a giving notice, or the announcement, of some fact or facts). In the English, Scotch, and Irish newspapers, and other periodical works, there are annually published nearly two millions of announcements, which, whatever be their peculiar character, are known by the general name advertisement. The duty on a single advertisement was formerly 3s. 6d. in Great Britain and 2s. 6d. in Ireland; but by the 3 & 4 Wm. 4, c. 23, it was reduced to 1s. 6d. in Great Britain, and 1s. in Ireland. In the year previous to this reduction the total number of newspaper advertisements published in the United Kingdom was 921,943,—viz. 787,649 in England, 108,914 in Scotland, and 125,380 in Ireland. The duty amounted to 172,570l. and had been stationary for several years. In 1841 the number of advertisements had increased to 1,778,957,—namely, 1,386,625 for England and Wales (653,615 in London, and 733,010 in provincial newspapers), 188,189 in Scotland, and 204,143 in Ireland. The total duty amounted to 128,318l. and it has progressively increased from the period when the reduction took place, so that there is little doubt of its producing, in time, as large a revenue as it did at the higher rate. The circulation of newspapers has nearly doubled since the reduction of the stamp-duty upon them; and as the number of separate newspapers has not much increased, an advertisement has the chance of being seen by a greater number of readers. The size of newspapers has been doubled in many instances, to allow of the insertion of a greater number of advertisements. The *Times* newspaper, which has always had the largest number of advertisements, contained 202,972 advertisements in 1842, or nearly one-third of all the advertisements published in London: as many as 1,200 advertisements have sometimes appeared in one day's publication, and the average number each day exceeds 700. Since 1836 this newspaper has issued a double sheet; and within the last two years, during the session of Parliament, even an additional sheet has been issued twice or three times a week, in consequence of the demand for increased space for advertisements. Generally speaking, advertisements supply the fund out of which newspapers are supported, as the price at which the newspaper is sold is insufficient to pay the cost of the stamp, the paper, the printing, and the cost of management. In the greater number of advertisements, the former duty of 3s. 6d. constituted a tax of 100 per cent. The lowest price of an advertisement in a London daily newspaper is now 5s. which includes the duty: such advertisements must not exceed five lines. The usual practice is to charge 6d. per line for each line above four; but when the number of lines exceeds about twenty lines, the rate of charge is increased, the longest advertisements being charged at the highest rate. The rate per column for a single advertisement varies from 6l. to 12l. according to the circulation of the paper in which it is printed. Advertisements from servants wanting places are charged only 4s. each; and one or two papers in the large provincial towns have adopted a plan of charging only 2s. 6d. for short advertisements of a couple of lines, which are sufficient to embrace notices of a great variety of public wants, of a nature similar to those made known by advertisements in the papers of the United States. But here the duty on these short advertisements constitutes a tax of 66 per cent. If the duty were abolished, the minimum price of advertisements would probably be 1s. in all but a few papers. The habit of advertising has, however, been practically discouraged by the former high duty. In our complicated state of society every facility should be given to the only effectual means of informing the public of new improvements, in-

ventions, and other things calculated to promote the public advantage. The yearly number of advertisements in the United States, where no duty on them exists, is said to exceed 10,000,000. Advertisements relating to the administration of the Poor-law, such as contracts for supplies, elections of officers, &c. are exempt from duty, as are also those relating to the proceedings under bankruptcies and insolvencies. A printed copy of every pamphlet or paper (not a newspaper) containing advertisements must be brought to the Stamp-Office to be entered, and the duty thereon to be paid, under a penalty of 20l. (Sec. 21, 6 & 7 Wm. 4, c. 76.) The first English advertisement which can be found is in the *Impartial Intelligencer* for 1649, and relates to stolen horses. In the few papers published from the time of the Restoration to the imposition of the Stamp Duty in 1712, the price of a short advertisement appears seldom to have exceeded a shilling, and to have been sometimes as low as sixpence.—*Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iv.

Germany, her Resources, Government, Union of Customs and Power under Frederick William IV. With a preliminary View of the Political Condition of Europe and America in 1848. By JOHN MACGREGOR, M.P. London, 1848. Whittaker and Co.

THE materials for these pages were collected while the author was on a government mission to Germany, and officially laid before Parliament. He has abbreviated and condensed them in a volume which will be an acceptable introduction to the library of Political Economy.

The introduction is the same as that prefixed to a similar volume published by Mr. MACGREGOR some time since, and as we noticed and extracted from it then, we pass it over now.

In the treatise on the commerce of Germany Mr. MACGREGOR gives a succinct history of the Zollverein, or confederation of the German states, for commercial intercourse by the substitution of an uniform tariff and one custom-house, in lieu of a variety of tariffs and custom-houses at the frontiers of every petty state. The enormous benefits that have resulted to the commerce of all Germany from those wise regulations are universally acknowledged, and here they are proved by a collection of statistics which must surprise even the most sanguine advocates of the Zollverein. Mr. MACGREGOR gives in detail the products, exports and imports of each of the German States, their taxes and revenue, their internal trade, their agriculture, their manufactures, their commerce. Even the cultivation of the Beet Root, the Schools of Design, the Laws of Copyright, and such like, do not escape his attention. To all who are interested or engaged, directly or indirectly, in the trade with Germany, this volume will be invaluable, and as a book of reference, and as containing materials for more formal history, it should be placed upon the shelf of every public library.

Observations on the Speech of Sir William Molesworth, Bart. M.P. in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, 25th July, 1848, on Colonial Expenditure and Government. By J. T. DANSON, Barrister-at-Law. London. Ridgway.

MR. DANSON has subjected the remarkable and interesting speech of Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH to a severe and unsparing criticism. But not unfairly is it handled. While acknowledging the great ability it displayed, Mr. DANSON was struck with its loose and inaccurate representations of facts, and having given great attention to colonial subjects, he was enabled to contradict many of Sir WILLIAM'S broadest assertions. This pamphlet is devoted to a review of the entire oration, and certainly the author has succeeded in making out a strong case in reply to that of the would-be colonial reformer. It is not within the province of THE CRITIC to follow him through such a subject, but to all who feel an interest in it we recommend the perusal of Mr. DANSON'S pages, before they make up their minds to give a vote.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass. London: Chapman.

A SINGULARLY thoughtful mood, good sense, and a style of vigorous eloquence distinguish these compositions. The subjects are various—some religious, some literary, some political. Most of them were contributions to American periodicals, and are collected and reprinted here in hope that their merits will recommend them to public favour. The topics treated of are very various, including such themes as "The Life of St. Barnard," "German Literature," "Thoughts on Labour," "The Pharisees," "The Education of the Labouring Classes," "Thoughts on Theology," &c. Two or three short extracts will serve to exhibit the author's manner, and certainly to recommend his volume to the reader.

THE PHARISEE OF THE CHURCH.

There was a time when he who called himself a Christian, took, as it were the Prophet's vow, and toil and danger dogged his steps; poverty came like a giant upon him, and death looked ugly at him through the casement as he sat down with his wife and babes. Then to be called a Christian, was to be a man; to pray prayers of great resolution, and to live in the kingdom of heaven. Now, it means only to be a Protestant, or a Catholic; to believe with the Unitarians or the Calvinists. We have lost the right names of things. The Pharisee of the Church has a religion for Sunday, but none for the week. He believes all the true things and absurd things ever taught by popular teachers of his sect. To him the Old Testament and the New Testament are just the same,—and the Apocrypha he never reads,—books to be worshipped and sworn by. He believes most entirely in the law of Moses, and the gospel of the Messiah which annuls that law. They are both "translated out of the original tongues, and appointed to be read in churches." Of course, he practises one just as much as the other. His belief has cost him so much he does nothing but believe; never dreams of living his belief. He has a religion for Sunday, a face for Sunday, and Sunday books, and Sunday talk; and just as he lays aside his Sunday coat, so he puts by his talk, his books, his face, and his religion. They would be profaned if used on a week-day. He can sit in his pew of a Sunday—wood sitting upon wood—with the demurest countenance, and never dream the words of Isaiah, Paul, and Jesus, which are read him, came out of the serene depths of the soul that is fulfilled of a divine life, and are designed to reach such depths in other souls, and will reach them if they also live nobly. He can call himself a Christian, and never do any thing to bless or comfort his neighbour. The poor pass, and never raise an eye to that impenetrable face. He can hear sermons, and pay for sermons that denounce the sin he daily commits, and thinks he atones for the sin by paying for the sermon. His Sunday prayers are beautiful, out of the Psalms and the Gospels, but his weekly life, what has it to do with his prayer? How confounded would he be, if Heaven should take him in earnest, and grant his request! He would pray that God's name be hallowed, while his life is blasphemy against Him. He can say "thy kingdom come," when, if it should come, he would wither up at the sight of so much majesty. The kingdom of God is in the hearts of men; does he wish it there, in his own heart? He prays "thy will be done," yet never sets a foot forward to do it, nor means to set a foot forward. His only true petition is for daily bread, and this he utters falsely, for all men are included in the true petition, and he asks only for himself. When he says "forgive us as we forgive," he imprecates a curse upon himself, most burning and dreadful; for when did he give or forgive? The only "evil" he prays to be delivered from is worldly trouble. He does not wish to be saved from avarice, peevishness, passion, from false lips, a wicked heart, and a life mean and

dastardly. He can send Bibles to the heathen on the deck of his ship, and rum, gunpowder, and cast-iron muskets in the hold. The aim of this man is to get the most out of his fellow-mortals, and to do the least for them, at the same time keeping up the phenomena of goodness and religion. To speak somewhat figuratively, he would pursue a wicked calling in a plausible way, under the windows of heaven, at intervals singing hymns to God, while he debased His image; contriving always to keep so near the walls of the New Jerusalem, that when the destroying flood swept by, he might scramble in at the window, booted and spurred to ride over men, wearing his Sunday face, with his Bible in his hand, to put the Saviour to the blush, and outfront the justice of Almighty God. But let him pass also; he has his reward. Sentence is pronounced against all that is false. The publicans and the harlots enter into the kingdom of God before that man.

There is much truth in the following remarks on

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

But there is one peculiar charm in German literature, quite unequalled, we think, in modern days, that is the RELIGIOUS character of their works. We know it is often said the Germans are licentious, immoral in all ways, and above all men,—not the old giants excepted,—are haters of religion. One would fancy Mezentius or Goliath was the archetype of the nation. We say it advisedly, that this is, in our opinion, the most religious literature the world has seen since the palmy days of Greek writing, when the religious spirit seemed fresh and warm, coming into life, and playing grateful with the bland celestial light, reflected from each flower-cup and passing cloud, or received direct and straightway from the Source of all. It stands an unconscious witness to the profound piety of the German heart. We had almost said it was the only Christian literature the world has ever seen. Certainly, to our judgment, the literature of Old England, in her best days, was less religious in thought and feeling, as it was less beautiful in its form, and less simple in its quiet, loving holiness, than this spontaneous and multiform expression of the German soul. But we speak not for others, let each drink of "that spiritual rock," where the water is most salubrious to him. But we do not say that German literature comprises no works decidedly immoral and irreligious. Certainly we have read such, but they are rare, while almost every book, not entirely scientific and technical, breathes a religious spirit. You meet this, coming unobtrusively upon you where you least of all expect it. We do not say that the idea of a Christian literature is realised in Germany, or likely to be realised. No, the farthest from it possible. No nation yet has dreamed of realising it. Nor can this be done until Christianity penetrates the heart of the nations, and brings all into subjection to the spirit of life. The Christianity of the world is yet but a baptised heathenism, so literature is yet heathen and profane. We dare not think, lest we think against our faith. As if truth were hostile to faith, and God's house were divided against itself. The Greek literature represents the Greek religion; its ideal and its practical side. But all the literature of all Christian nations, taken together, does not represent the true Christian religion, only that fraction of it these nations could translate into their experience. Hence, we have as yet only the cradle song of Christianity, and its nursery rhymes. The same holds true in art,—painting, sculpture, and architecture. Hitherto it is only the church militant, not the church triumphant, that has been represented. A Gothic cathedral gives you the aspiration, not the attainment, the resting in the fulness of God, which is the end of Christianity. We have Magdalens, Madonnas; saints emaciated almost to anatomies, with most rueful visage; and traditional faces of the Saviour. These, however, express the penitence, the wailing of the world lying in darkness, rather than the light of the nations. The SON OF MAN risen from the grave is yet lacking in art. The Christian Prometheus, or Apollo, is not yet;

still less the triple Graces, and the Olympian Jove of Christianity. What is Saint Peter's to the Parthenon, considered as symbols of the two religions? The same deficiency prevails in literature. We have inherited much from the heathen, and so Christianity, becoming the residuary legatee of deceased religions, has earned but little for itself. History has not yet been written in the spirit of the Christian scheme; as a friend says, hitherto it has been the "history of elder brothers." Christianity would write of the whole family. The great Christian poem, the Tragedy of Mankind, has not yet been conceived. A Christian philosophy founded on an exhaustive analysis of Man, is among the things that are distant. The true religion has not yet done its work in the heart of the nations. How, then, can it reach their literature, their arts, their society, which come from the nation's heart? Christianity is still in the manger, wrapped in swaddling bands, and unable to move its limbs. Its Jewish parent watches fearful, with a pondering heart. The shepherds that honour the new-born are Jewish still, dripping as yet with the dews of ancient night. The heathen magicians have come up to worship, guided by the star of truth, which goes before all simple hearts, and lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But they are heathen even now. They can only offer "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." They do not give their mind, and still less their heart. The celestial child is still surrounded by the oxen that slumber in their stalls, or wake to blame the light that prevents their animal repose. The Herod of superstition is troubled, and his city with him. Alarmed at the new tidings, he gathers together his mighty men, his chief priests and scribes, to take counsel of his twin prophets, the Flesh and the Devil, and while he pretends to seek only to worship, he would gladly slay the young child that is born King of the world. But Christianity will yet grow up to manhood, and escape the guardianship of traditions, to do the work God has chosen. Then, and not till then, will the gospel of beautiful souls, fair as the light, and "terrible as an army with banners," be written in the literature, arts, society, and life of the world. Now when we say that German literature is religious above all others, we mean that it comes nearer than any other to the Christian ideal of literary art. Certainly it by no means reaches the mark.

Fifty passages of equal merit of these might be culled from the pages of this volume.

DECORATIVE ART.

MR. WORNUM'S LECTURE ON DECORATIVE ART.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN, SOMERSET HOUSE.

ON Friday evening (the 6th instant), Mr. Ralph N. Wornum delivered a lecture, introductory to his appointed course of lectures on the History, Principles, and Practice of Ornamental Art. The great room was crowded by the students, and numerous visitors, including Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A. and several other members of the Committee of Management and officers of the Board of Trade. Mr. Wornum announced a threefold division of his lectures—an historical, a theoretical, and a practical course; proposing to shew in the first, what has been already done; in the second, the principles on which it has been done; and in the third, the practical application of the knowledge resulting from these investigations, the object of this introductory lecture being to explain the order of proceeding throughout the whole of each course.

The *Historical Course* will be especially directed to the different characters and styles of ornamentation in all past ages, illustrating the application of ornament to architectural decoration, furniture, domestic utensils, and articles of costume, under the following heads:—The arts of the Egyptians, the great pioneers of the Greeks; examination of the monumental remains of the Egyptians, and of their immense store of information preserved in their excavated tombs; Asiatic art; that of the Ancient Syrians, Jews, Phœnicians, Babylonians, Indians, and Persians; the Tabernacle of Moses; Temple of Solomon; Tower of Babel; pagodas and excavated temples of India, and gorgeous palaces of Persia; the art of the Greeks and Romans; earliest development of Greek art in

Asia Minor and the Greek colonies of Magna Græcia, among the Siciliots, Italiots, and Carthaginians; anthropomorphism (man-worship) of the Greeks, which led to their beauty worship; Greek vases; decoration of the Etruscan tombs; the temples and principle monuments of the great Doric age of Grecian art; the Periclean and Alexandrian ages of art; the Parthenon, at Athens; Temple of Jupiter, at Olympia; Corinthian and Ionic orders; decorative arts of the Greeks; chryselephantine (gold and ivory) statues; bronzes; application of colour to sculpture and architecture; mural decorations; decline, or florid age of art, that is, the Roman period; decorations of Pompeii; ancient mosaics; tempera paintings; encaustics; Golden House of Nero; construction and decoration of a Roman house. *The Middle Ages:* Styles and character of early Christian art; the tombs and catacombs; the mosaics of the tribunes; manuscript illuminations; conversion of Pagan basilica into Christian temples; the great image controversy; the Iconoclasts; Byzantine decoration; the Romanesque styles, which proceeded from the Byzantine, combined with the Egyptian elements of ornament, of which Moorish architecture is the great exponent; St. Sophia of Constantinople; San Vitale of Ravenna; mosques of Cairo; churches in Sicily; cathedral of Cordova; the Alhambra; the various styles and principal monuments of gothic architecture; history and practice of glass painting; Saracenic influence; geometrical ornament; mosaics; the renaissance, or revival of art in the thirteenth century; St. Mark's of Venice; cathedrals of Orvieto and Siena, Pisa, Florence, &c.; notice of the great artist decorators of that age; the quattrocento styles; great religious development of art; principal artists and great patrons of the age; the cinquecento development; its classical adaptations, great artists and principal promoters; the Louis-Quatorze style; its development of ornament out of mere opposition; its arbitrary assemblage of indefinite figures and studied confusion, and bewilderment of light and shade, and form and colour; the modern restoration of ornamental art in the achievements of Ludwig of Bavaria.

The *Theoretical and Analytic Course* will treat of the principles and objects of decoration, giving an analysis of the various styles and the practical principles, and the motive, cause, or sentiment by which each is characterised, so as to present a technical and æsthetic view of the subject. To this portion of the lecture justice cannot be done in a brief report. After explaining the term *æsthetic* as expressing sensuous perception of the beautiful, Mr. Wornum gave an exposition of the importance of observing *fitness* and *utility* in ornamental designs; and illustrated the motive causes of the three primary forms of ornament by examples of use, symbolism, and embellishment, from Egyptian chairs, the winged globe of the Egyptian temples, and the so-called egg and tongue moulding of Greek architecture, which he proved to be derived from the horse-chestnut (*æxvov*). Other motives were adverted to, and that of ostentation was shewn to be a constant indication of barbarism and decay of taste, as instanced in the passion of the savage for mere glitter and finery, and that of the civilised man for mere display of wealth. Every gaudy elaboration of form and colour is not ornament. Forms of beauty are as strictly dependent on natural laws as the forms of use, and above all it is necessary to bear in mind the *fitness* of a design to its destined use. The essential principles and elementary laws of ornament are contrast, unity produced by symmetry, balance, and proportion of parts, repetition in series—horizontal, diagonal, vertical, curvilinear, &c. Every beautiful form or shape is composed of symmetrical parts. These principles illustrated in the kaleidoscope, in decoration of surfaces, diaper work, paper-hangings, architectural mouldings. Ornamental forms are rather suggested by than imitated from natural objects. This constitutes the distinction between an ornament and a picture. The painter imitates natural forms, the ornamentist only applies them. It is against reason to suppose there can be any beauty in impossibilities and absurdities. The ornamentist should be rational when he can. The remarkable passage from Vitruvius was cited in condemnation of the preposterous absurdities and vicious taste of the style of decoration known as the Pompeian or grotesque style, falsely denominated the Arabesque. The theoretical and analytical course will develop general principles, by induction, from examination of all the individual examples of art reviewed in the previous historical course, and will comprise lectures on the nature and objects of ornamental design in all its applications; on the prevailing ornamental forms, considered individually, and in their various combinations; on the use of colour as a means of ornament, and how applied in the different epochs of art; on fitness, or

special application of ornamental design; and on the analysis of styles and distinctive characters of each.

The *Practical Course* will furnish a general knowledge of every mechanical process and condition of reproduction which it is necessary the students should observe, in order to render their designs capable of being executed by the manufacturer; not that, as designers, they have any thing to do with the actual process of manufacture itself, being aids to, not substitutes for, manufacturers, but because it is requisite they should know how far their designs are dependent on the means and methods to be employed in their execution. This is all that can be taught in a school of design; the rest can be learnt only in the manufacturers' workshops. As an example of the kind of practical information which he should supply in this course, Mr. Wornum explained the whole process of manufacturing paper-hangings by printing with blocks, and pointed out the conditions to be observed by the designer. The practical course will comprise lectures on paper-hangings, calico-printing, floor-cloth manufacture, lace making, carpet and other textile fabrics, silk weaving, porcelain, terra cotta ware, pottery, and other fictile manufactures, wood carving, glass painting, mosaic, marqueterie, buhl work, and japanned wares. In conclusion, the lecturer observed that all ornamental manufactures have been most popular and most successful in those periods when the greatest efforts have been made to render their objects of taste; so that, taking a mere utilitarian view, it is the interest of the manufacturer to cultivate beauty of design to the utmost of his power; but we must also regard the moral and social advantages of a universal diffusion of artistic taste. The object of this school is not to aggrandize but to disseminate art. Neither is it for the manufacturer only, but also for the consumer; for gratifying and elevating the minds of the family of the daily labourer. It is not, therefore, the architectural decorator alone who will fulfil its great mission, but the designer of those articles of use and comfort which our manufacturers send to the remotest regions of the globe. It rests with you, then, said Mr. Wornum to the students, to make this school a source from which all the suggestions of the beautiful, and every benefit that can result from its contemplation, may flow in an ever-increasing stream even to the utmost limits of society. Let the furniture and domestic utensils of the rich and the poor differ only in material, not in qualities of taste; so that the cottage of the peasant may, notwithstanding its frugal simplicity, be as refined and as cheerful in its degree as the more gorgeous palace of the prince. The potter's clay is as capable of displaying the forms of beauty as was ever marble of Paros, or the famed bronze of Corinth or of Delos, or, as is now, the purest gold of Brazil. The Egyptian potter, more than three thousand years ago, produced with his simple earth forms as beautiful as all the wealth and art of Greece and Rome combined have ever accomplished since. And what is the fatality that hangs over us that our poor alone should be wholly debarred from the enjoyment of the beautiful? If they can be reproached as indifferent to or incapable of appreciating such things, whose fault is that? They cannot appreciate what they have never seen; and while our manufacturers have for ages overwhelmed their markets with the most outrageous abortions in design that could well be conceived, how is it possible that these people should be otherwise than unconscious of any notion of art, or idea of beauty? But this is not altogether the fault of the manufacturer. It is to the indifference or ignorance of the designers that we must attribute it. Just, or not, such is the manufacturers' complaint, and it is for you to look to this, and to render the reproach impossible at least for the future. But you must look to it with both your eyes. Little is to be hoped from you if you turn only one eye here, while the other is fixed on the doors of the Royal Academy. Persevere where you are—a high mission calls you here—the cultivation and the elevation of the million; by the dissemination of those forms of beauty and taste which it is in your power to identify with the designs of even the most ordinary of our manufactures. Be of good heart, an adequate reward is ever awaiting honest industry; and, be assured, that by industry alone can talents, however brilliant, be successfully developed.

The delivery of this introductory discourse occupied nearly an hour and a half. It was listened to with very manifest interest and approval, and the qualifications of Mr. Wornum, as a public lecturer, with regard to matter and manner—clear and vigorous thought and utterance—were proved to be of the highest order. The success of his first appearance in the school was completely satisfactory. He displays a mastery of the learned literature, philosophic principles, and practical knowledge of art, guided by

sound judgment and good taste, and his vocal ability, rendered effective by elocutionary management, prevents the loss of a single word. His lectures, seconded by the zealous co-operation of the staff of masters, under the supervision of Messrs. Herbert, Redgrave, and Townsend, will, we trust, mark the commencement of an era of higher aspirations and increased exertions in the School of Design.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A SCANDAL which has attracted some notice in the world of art has been distinctly explained by the *Athenæum*. In the last exhibition of the Royal Academy was a picture entitled "Shipping, &c. off Hurst Castle, Isle of Wight," set down in the catalogue with the name of Mr. Reinagle, R.A. as the painter. The picture was selected by a 25*l*. prizeholder in the Art-Union. It was recognised, however, by the friends of a young artist, Mr. J. W. Yarnold, as *his* production: he had painted it and sold it to a dealer for a few shillings. The case was brought before the Royal Academy. The Academy called on Mr. Reinagle for an explanation. He denied the charge; and intimated that he would rather resign than submit to inquiry. Mr. Yarnold was then invited to substantiate his accusation by evidence. Mr. Reinagle now modified his denial: he said that the picture had been repainted by him, so as to have become actually the work of his hand. "A strict examination of the picture by the Academicians—who had in the mean time very properly refused to give it up to the demands of any party—resulted, we understand, in so unsatisfactory a comment on this plea as to leave no doubt on their minds that the honour of the Academy had been stained;" and they referred Mr. Reinagle, by resolution, to what he had said about resigning. He resigned.—Thorwaldsen's remains were entombed at Copenhagen on the 17th ult.—On Wednesday week last the first portion of the Vernon Collection was removed to the National Gallery. Mr. Ward's picture of the "Council of Horses," purchased by Mr. Vernon at the late exhibition of the Royal Academy, has been added by him to his public gift.—The National Gallery will be reopened to the public a week hence, when the two pictures by Taddeo Gaddi, lately given to the National Gallery by Mr. Coningham, will be seen in addition to the modern collection.—Mr. Sidney Cooper's picture of "The Battle of Waterloo" has been purchased for a thousand guineas. It was lately exhibited at Westminster Hall.

MUSIC.

MR. HENRY BUCKLAND'S CONCERT.—This young and rising vocalist gave his annual concert at the New Lecture-hall of the Walworth Literary Institution, on the evening of the 28th ult.; and though the weather was far from propitious, it attracted a numerous and respectable audience. One of the chief features of the concert was the performance of some madrigals: BEAL'S "What ho!" MORLEY's hackney'd but ever charming "Now is the month of Maying," and a new madrigal by ALLMANN, "Ask me no more." The words, by CAREW, 1630. were given in a very accurate and admirable manner. To enumerate all the pieces performed would exceed our limits; but we may especially mention Miss BIRCH's exquisite rendering of *Casta Diva*, Miss ELLEN LYON'S "Oh, bid your faithful Ariel fly," Mr. RAFTER'S "In this Old Chair," and "Let me like a Soldier fall!" both splendidly given by this young tenor, and rapturously encored; Mr. GEORGE BUCKLAND'S delivery of BALFE'S "Sentinels" from the *Castle of Aymon*, which was encored with enthusiasm, and of a new song, in the JOHN PARRY style, arranged by himself, and which met the like sign of favour with the audience, and Mr. HENRY BUCKLAND'S singing of "Old King Time," and ALLMANN'S new song, "Better Times are Coming" (of which notice appears in another column), which he gave with such declamation and effect, that he narrowly escaped an encore, although the evening was "wearing awa." We have purposely left out

Miss THORNTON till now, in order to award our approval for her choice in singing a charming air (and quartet) by the father and founder of dramatic music, GLUCK, "Come consuma l' avida fiamma;" and we only wish some others of our public vocalists would resort to the splendid and everlasting gems of the Old Masters, instead of repeating, *ad nauseam*, DONIZETTI, of whose compositions, though, doubtless, full of merit, we have full often exclaimed with HORACE—"Ohe! jam satis!" Mr. LAKE contributed, and was obliged to repeat a solo on the concertina; and the concert concluded with MARTINI'S *Vadasi*, which we never heard rendered in a finer manner. The by-play of RAFTER was admirable, and threw the audience into convulsions of laughter; it was repeated amid tremendous applause. Mr. CORNISH and Mr. HENRY BUCKLAND were excellent conductors.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.—MR. BUNN has commenced with spirit and as good a company as at this season could be gathered. He has reproduced many of the old favourites; but as yet his fame must be in prospect rather than in performance. However, at this season, opera is welcome, although it may not appear in Court costume, and so the public seem to think, for the house has been well filled. We have not yet personally witnessed the performances, so we are unable to offer an opinion as to the merits of the performers.

THE PRINCESS'S.—This theatre has been vastly improved by cleaning, retouching, and a new chandelier, and its ancient reputation is renewed. Wisely is the manager confining himself to opera, for which the Princess's was formerly famous, and *La Vivandiere* has been repeated three times a week to crowded and applauding benches. The ballet, too, is admirably got up with the abundance of pantomime that distinguishes that species of entertainment in the theatres of Italy.

THE ADELPHI is worth a visit if only for the charming effect of its decorations, which are a model of cheerfulness and elegance. The stage is as attractive as ever with the same familiar faces greeting us, and the same hearty laughs are forced from us again: repetition in this case does not appear to blunt the edge of enjoyment. It is difficult to obtain a seat unless you are early; therefore we would recommend our readers to take them a day or two before.

SADLER'S WELLS.—MR. PHELPS continues to attract the real lovers of the drama from all parts of the metropolis by his representation of *Coriolanus*.

A WINTER GARDEN AT VAUXHALL.—It is proposed to transform Vauxhall into a winter garden. It is said that the four long avenues, which form the large quadrangle at present, are to be increased about twenty feet—that is, ten feet on either side. The roof of this pathway is to be raised a considerable height, and the whole of it is to be enclosed by means of a panorama of the overland route to India. This is to commence with Marseilles, then are to follow Malta, Alexandria, and all the principal points in the journey. These walks will lead directly to the Waterloo ground, which is to be converted into a hippodrome, where are to appear all the splendours of the chariot race, and other performances. To the right of the hippodrome there will be constructed a large conservatory, to form a very agreeable promenade, and gas is to simulate the sun.—*The Builder*.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION is drawing crowds by the attractions of its magnificent lecture-room, where a phantasmagoria of uncommon power is exhibited, and dissolving views of vast size are shewn, after sketches taken by Mr. ROBERTS in the Holy Land, and which are explained by Mr. BACHHOFFNER as they are thrown upon the canvass. The increased space has enabled the institution to add whole rooms full of new and interesting objects in art and science, so that they who have seen it before will scarcely know it again now: it will be all freshness and novelty for them.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE GRACES.

BY MRS. LORRAINE.

I.

Oh who art thou with forehead raised to heaven,
Pale as a cloud, but crowned like a star
Brighter than each bright sister of the seven
And more immortal, and diviner far?

How lustrous, and how clear thy dark eyes are !
Piercing the solemn future with their gaze
Strong from the fountain of Light's primal blaze.
I am of Eden, but with man forlorn
Went forth unbidden through death's shadowy vale.
'Twas I who saved the Ark—and the First-born
Upon Moriah's mountain—time would fail
To tell the half of my half-finished tale :
Enough to know that only he who saith
He leans on me is safe—my name is FAITH.

II.
And who art thou, enchanting, smiling vision—
Upon the parting clouds, and charmed air
Casting the sunshine of thy radiant hair—
Waking the drooping soul with tones elysian,—
Art thou of earth or heaven ? Beneath thy feet
With flower and well the wintry desert springs ;
Thou scatterest balms, and healing odours sweet
And dews ambrosial dropping from thy wings.
Oh, I am HOPE—through the dim valley trod
By many a lonely saint in patient woe,
I lead him resting on the staff of God
To the green pastures where the waters flow.
Without me earth were darkened with despair
Hell's deepest curse is that I am not there.

III.
But who is she in shade and silence stealing ?—
Our veiled sister, fairest of our race ;
By stealth she loves to walk, with care concealing
From mortal eyes her glory and her grace ;
But Heaven itself delights to see her face,
So calm, so meek, so lofty, yet so lowly,
No angel of the Host more bright and holy,
Her mantle's hem is jewelled with good deeds,
Past her bare, sacred feet it falleth long,
Little she hath, yet much for others' needs,
In pity weak, but in endurance strong :
Her name is CHARITY, her mantle wins
A right to hide the multitude of sins.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGE.

REES, William Hobart, eldest son of the late Rev. William Rees, Head Master of the North Walsham Grammar-school, and rector of Horsey, in the county of Norfolk, to Maria Anne, eldest daughter of James Drane, esq. of Felthwell, in the same county, on the 26th ult.

DEATHS.

HUNT.—Late, Mr. John Hunt, brother of Mr. Leigh Hunt. Though not boasting the vast intellect of his brother, he has, nevertheless, been a talented, an useful, and an active man. He helped his brother to establish the *Journal* with which their names are so honourably associated.

GENTILI.—Late, in Dublin, the celebrated Father Gentili, most distinguished formerly as an advocate in Italy, and latterly an eminent preacher in the Roman Catholic Church, of inflammation in the throat. The Father was well known in London.

GUTHRIE.—On the 23rd ult. at Yarmouth, Capt. James Guthrie, after forty-eight years' consecutive military service in Sicily, North of Spain, and at Corunna ; then in Walcheren, afterwards in the Peninsula till the peace of 1814. He subsequently joined the East Norfolk Militia, and performed the duties of adjutant until a short time before his death.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

SINCE our last report of the proceedings of this Company great progress has been made, and we are now enabled to congratulate the country on its near approach to realising the public benefits which it is expected to confer. We shall watch the actual trial of the great experiment with the interest that belongs to it, and continue to report upon its progress as hitherto we have done.

When last we noticed the proceedings of the Company, the works were in course of erection. They are now completed ; the engine-house is built, the engine is erected, the pipes are laid through a district embracing an area of nine hundred acres of land, consisting almost entirely of market-gardens in Fulham. This, of course, is but a small portion of the entire area into which the Company is empowered by their Act of Parliament to send their pipes, and which their engines and mains are constructed to supply ; but it was all their means enabled them to embrace until the remainder of their shares are subscribed ; and it suffices for the purpose of proving the immense value of the scheme to the cultivators of the land, and the certain and large profits to the shareholders, which will accrue

from its extension to a larger district, by which, with a trifling increase of cost, their receipts will be doubled.

Considerable delay had been occasioned in consequence of some misunderstanding with the new Commissioners of Sewers, who hesitated to recognise the permission given by their predecessors to the Company to proceed with their works. The new Commissioners, it seems, contemplate some alteration in the drainage arrangements of the Westminster district, and they feared that the works of the Company might interfere with their plans. Now it was clear that their Act of Parliament had given to the Company all the sewage of the King's Scholars' Pond and Ranelagh Sewers, with power to convey it to their station at Stanley-bridge by means of a tunnel sewer. But the Company, without abandoning the rights thus given to them by the Legislature, and which, by-the-by, are expressly reserved to them in a clause in the very Act under which the Commissioners exercise their authority, at once offered to accommodate themselves to the public interests and the views of the Commissioners in any way ; and they were willing, provided only that the sewage was conveyed to their station at Stanley-bridge, to accede to any mode of conveyance the Commissioners might prefer.

But the Commissioners had no determinate plans yet framed ; and then it was resolved by the Directors that they would defer for a time the taking of the sewage from the two great sewers of Westminster until the Commissioners could determine upon the mode of drainage they would adopt, and that they would for the present be content with the Coutinrs Creek Sewer, which runs close to their station.

This sewer performs the double purpose of a canal and a sewer. It is a tidal drain. At high-water it is navigable by boats ; at low-water it is simply a drain. It was found that during a considerable portion of each day the flow of the sewer was undiluted sewage. At high-water it is almost pure Thames water. Until the plan for draining the Westminster district was determined, the Directors conceived that they might advantageously avail themselves of both conditions of this sewer—the one for sewage, the other for irrigation ; and thus put to the proof, not only the value of sewage, but the superior economy and convenience of watering gardens by means of a standpipe and hose, instead of by the old plan of men and watering-pots.

The station of the Company at Stanley-bridge was originally the property of the Kensington Canal Company, who by their Act of Parliament were empowered to make dikes and wharves, &c. and otherwise to deal with the banks of the canal as their own property. These rights descending to their successors, the Directors considered that, the land being their own, they had a right to make a hole in it to communicate between the canal and their well, so as to have a constant supply of sewage and water.

The communication was made. The Commissioners of Sewers questioned the right of the Company to make it, claiming the banks of the canal as their property by virtue of its being also a sewer. To bring the question to an issue they imposed a large fine upon the Company. Now of their right to make this opening in the land they had purchased the Directors entertain no doubt ; but, as it was deemed unwise to incur the delay and cost of a lawsuit to establish it, the prudent course was adopted of waving the contest, on an understanding that the Commissioners would consent to their using the contents of this sewer in the manner they had proposed. That consent was then given, and thus all obstacles being at length overcome, the Company is now in a condition to proceed to the carrying out of the object for which it was incorporated.

As we shall have occasion continually to report to our readers the progress of this experiment, of so great national importance, we will not further comment upon it now. In our next we will endeavour to detail the plan and estimates of the works as at present laid down, with some of the evidence given by the market-gardeners of the value of sewage

manure in the cultivation of the various products of a garden, and some extraordinary results of experiments made proving the superiority in cheapness of irrigation by hose and the Company's pipes over the present plan of watering by hand, and by which alone, independently of its value as manure, the gardeners will effect an immense annual saving by availing themselves of the boundless supply brought by the Company to the very doors of their gardens.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

New books, and promises of more, are very plentiful. Publishers' announcements teem with variety. Mr. Macauley has settled all doubt as to the manner in which his time is occupied by announcing his *History of England* from the accession of James II. to be published in December. Hans Andersen has again entered the list of fictionists, and Mrs. Jameson promises a work on Sacred and Legendary Art. Narratives and tales, and histories of a less pretending nature, are announced by the score. Altogether, a thorough book-reading winter may be anticipated—if authors and publishers can make it so.—The Preceptors' College have determined to add to their institution a special training department. Thus students will, in future, be greatly assisted.—Another corpse, supposed to be that Mary Guedres, has been discovered in Trinity Church, Edinburgh. The antiquaries are fairly at sea, for there is more evidence in favour of its genuineness than of that which they recently carried in procession to Holyrood ! But it is thought that the real Mary has yet to be exhumed.—Icebergs of enormous mass are floating southward from the Arctic seas, and are met by ships on the regular packet route to the United States. The *Blonde* (Crawford), which arrived at Greenock on Friday week, saw one of them on the 5th of September, in longitude W. 49°, latitude N. 48°, upwards of 600 feet high, and a mile in length.—The *Art-Journal* mentions that good progress is making with the arrangements for an Exhibition of Manufactures at Birmingham during the visit, next year, of the British Association to that town.—An expedition into the north-eastern portions of the Australian continent is to set out early in May under the direction of Mr. Kennedy. The region which is to be explored is the York Peninsula, into which Leichhardt penetrated on his way to the Gulf of Carpentaria. This is supposed to contain much valuable country ; and if such should be discovered, its maritime boundaries will render it in all probability, at no very distant period, the seat of a new colony.—A congress of delegates from the universities of Germany assembled at Jena on the 21st ult. for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of a reform in the system of public instruction. The congress consisted of 130 members ; and elected for its President M. Reinhold, of Jena, —and for its Vice-President M. Waechter, of Heidelberg.—The first examination for the Powis Scholarship was concluded at King Edward's School, Birmingham, on Thursday. These scholarships (founded in honour of the late Earl Powis) are intended to promote the cause of literature in Wales ; they are open to all natives of the Principality under twenty years of age, and may be held at any colleges in the universities of Cambridge or Oxford. Fourteen candidates presented themselves, and were subjected to a long and searching examination in the Welsh language and literature, as well as in classical learning and theology.—On Thursday evening Mr. Pepper delivered a lecture on the "Physical Properties of Light," at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester-square. After going through a great number of interesting experiments illustrative of the various modes of producing light by chemical combination, he proceeded to introduce the apparatus recently invented and patented by Messrs. Stait and Petrie, for lighting by means of electricity. The lecturer stated that electricity, as was obviously proved in the case of lightning, was a natural element for the production of light ;

the great difficulty consisted in producing the necessary supply of combustible matter upon which it should act to produce the luminous result. In the machine invented by Messrs. Stait and Petrie, a certain and constant supply of charcoal was presented to the action of electric fluid, and the consequence was a continuous and brilliant light. The machine, apparently a very simple one, was then set in operation, and although the flame was enclosed within a framework of paper, the effect was so dazzling as almost to be unbearable to the naked eye. The gas-lights with which the theatre was lighted were virtually extinguished, the only evidence of their existence being a red spot (the effect of the unconsumed carbon), the light produced by the electric lighting machine being of the purest white colour.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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"At the Earl of Harborough's."

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ment to my notice, but for other kind advice given me as to diet, &c.

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours very truly,

(Rev.) "THOMAS MINSTER."

(Of Farnley Tyas, Yorkshire.)

"3, Sydney-terrace, Reading, Berks, Dec. 3, 1847.

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"JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon, 96th Reg."

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January 2, 1848.

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(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

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